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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The most dangerous people in this country to-day—dangerous, that is, if we are to be really victorious over Germany—are not Mr. Snowden, Mr. Outhwaite, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Mason, and others of the group that urges peace with Germany. This group—which performed in Parliament on Wednesday—is small and pretty well defined. It acts more or less above board and the public understands what it would be at. It is "sat on" by the Prime Minister and others when it raises its voice; and, outside Parliament, its meetings are broken up. Moreover, it has only one representative of marked ability, namely, Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P. He certainly is able—a powerful orator with some intellectual charm: the others are scarcely worth noting, with, possibly, the exception of Mr. Trevelyan. But in any case, the public knows what their game is, and is not likely, therefore, to be taken in by it.

The really dangerous men are a group by no means unrepresented in the London Press—very active, constant, acting more or less in unison, and clad always in an ample-looking cloak of anti-Germanism. This group does the necessary lip-service to the cause of the Allies by (1) reproving German Militarism, particularly junkerism; by (2) proposing that we should punish the erring side of the German nation after the war by means of certain trade prohibitions or restrictions; by (3) arguing in print in the old-fashioned Parliamentary debate manner with the Kaiser, Tirpitz, and Bethmann-Hollweg, occasionally even cartooning them quite censoriously. It also does lip-service by often dwelling contentedly on the "anger" felt by America against Germany, or on the "stern notes" about to be sent by America to Austria; and it loves to dwell on the irregularities of some Papen or other. Beyond this, it views strong language used towards Germany as injudicious; for, "after the war", shall we not have to live in the same world the Germans live in? And so on.

But when it comes to action, it should be noticed very carefully that this group—which has more than one widely distributed organ in London, and several observed literary men to carry on the propaganda—always protests vehemently against any drastic course against the Germans. It insists, for example:

- We must not have "Conscription".
- We must not offend the neutrals by tightening the blockade or by severer rationing.
- We must not have reprisals against Zeppelins.
- We must not intern any more of the unfortunate enemy aliens in this country.
- We must not press for an improved Air Service.
- We must not have "Protection".

In our opinion—and we have looked somewhat closely into the matter—this group is a highly dangerous group. It wants only to half-fight, it desiderates, we believe, a plausible sort of peace and a return to its old bag of political tricks. We should like to see these people ferreted out of their burrows into the open and thoroughly well exposed. At present they are deceiving a large number of people; they are, we repeat, far more dangerous, because they are more subtle, than the open Stop-the-War group.

Russia has this week been a great deal in our thoughts. First there was the victory at Erzerum with its practical proof of recovery and good heart. Next we have received in England a number of Russian public men who represent the intelligentsia of their country. Finally, there is the meeting of the Duma with the speeches of the Czar and M. Sazonoff. This last event definitely closes the period of readjustment in Russia—a breathing period of recovery and organisation which the hard military blows of last autumn had made so essential. The process is now complete which began with the Czar's assumption of the direct command of his armies. The Czar has now met his people personally in Parliament for the first time in history. The alliance of the Russian people with the Russian

throne, on which the political health of Russia has always so intimately depended, has now been affirmed in a most striking and impressive imperial act of the Czar himself.

The Czar could not have met his people in a better hour or spoken with them in a better way. Victory was present at that meeting—the one striking success of the war since the overwhelming of Serbia. The Czar, moreover, spoke with the Duma informally as a personal Sovereign. He spoke without notes and as the moment directed. The burden of his few words was the close union which persisted and must continue to persist between himself and the whole nation. This act and speech of the Czar will deeply affect Russia in every part of her vast territories. There could be no more heartening or striking event, to the Russian mind, than this personal approach between the Czar and the elected representatives of the people. It stands for a recovery of the deepest political idea in all Russia—the idea of an active and popular monarchy. This is the idea which German intrigue has always sought to mutilate or postpone.

The speech of M. Sazonoff presents a broad survey of the Allied policy—admirably firm and fair. He dwelled particularly on the closer co-operation now being secured between the Allied nations. At first, he frankly admits, the Allies had assumed that by each doing his best in his own time and province Germany would be defeated. This assumption no longer holds. There is henceforth to be a union of counsel. British readers of the speech of M. Sazonoff—the speech was very fully reported by the "Times" on Thursday—have to acknowledge a very high tribute to the part in the war played, and to be played, by the British Navy. M. Sazonoff, indeed, thinks of the British Navy as the chief obstacle between Germany and her "terrifying dream" of a "Khalifate of Berlin". As to the war policy of Russia, it is identical with our own. There will be no thought of separate interests or a jobbed peace. It will be noted that Russia remains entirely constant to her primary idea of an autonomous Poland.

The German bid for Verdun, which opened on Monday night with a fierce attack by the Crown Prince's army eight miles to the north of the fortress, travelled in twenty-four hours along a front of twenty-five miles, and became the biggest event since Loos and Hoge. It has forestalled the Franco-British offensive, but it ought not to win much success, for the approaches to Verdun, the difficult woods, and the armed ridges of the Hauts-de-Meuse, are as impregnable as Nature and military defence can make them. The French on Tuesday and Wednesday recovered a good part of the Bois des Caures, their first loss, but were unable to hold entirely the Bois de la Wavrille, and they retreated also from the village of Haumont on the west of this wood. Meantime, in Upper Alsace, a German attack to the east of Heidweiler took 800 yards of trench with eighty prisoners. Neither side gives a clear account of the fighting.

The conquest of Cameroon, announced a week ago, is equally honourable to the French forces under General Aymerich, to the Belgian contingent, which supplied river gunboats and fought bravely in many engagements, and to our British troops, who took Yaunde last New Year's Day, and whose enduring courage was tested by bad fortune shortly after the outbreak of war, when Maclear's column was badly cut up. For a year and a half a small German force was isolated on a hill at Mora, in the far north of Cameroon, within a hundred miles of Lake Chad. Its capitulation completes the overthrow of another German colony, and frees the natives from compulsory labour in the plantations and from much flogging.

The German raider has been at work again. This time the news comes from Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, where

an English ship of 3,200 tons, the "Westburn", arrived on Wednesday, flying the German flag and having on board a prize crew of seven men and an officer. She carried also 206 prisoners taken from the Belgian ship "Luxembourg", and from some British vessels, the "Flamenco", "Horace", "Edinburgh", "Cambridge" (or "Corbridge"), and the "Clan MacTavish". Thirteen vessels have now been victimised by the "Ponga", alias the "Möwe", and their total tonnage is 52,901.

Portugal, by the way, has come into the shipping arena this week to some purpose. Her seizure of the small German fleet anchored since war broke out in her waters is a bold stroke of business which rather appeals to us. It will possibly be less appreciated in Germany; for every ship upon the sea is a reproach to the submariners of Tirpitz.

On Sunday four German seaplanes raided Lowestoft and Walmer, killing a boy in the latter town, and blowing in about twenty shop fronts. Along all the fronts aerial fights have been flying dramas full of interest to their spectators, the men in the trenches and behind the lines. A Zeppelin, flying south from St. Meneshould, was brought down on Monday by the motor-gun section of Révigny. Shot through with an incendiary shell, she tumbled in flames to the ground in the neighbourhood of Brabant-le-Roi. German machines have dropped bombs on many places, as at Furnes, Nancy, Poperinghe, Amiens, and Lunéville; and also in the Baltic provinces. Even the Turks are in the air, for Turkish aeroplanes raided the camp at Kut-el-Amara on the 17th and 19th, but without doing the damage that inexperience usually does. As for the British air raid east of Suez, at El Hassana, it took place on 20 February, and one of our airmen, descending to 600 feet, destroyed the enemy's power station with a 100-lb. bomb.

The letters which Lord Ebury and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle write us to-day on the subject of Zeppelin reprisals should give pause to the people who have been talking in a confused way about the wickedness of vengeance, playing Germany's game, and the like. We do not think that men like Lord Rosebery, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Lord Ebury, Professor Morgan, and Lord Dunraven can very well be described as "panicky"; nor should we say that they are the kind of men likely to approve of "a dirty game"! We should say, rather, they are men of clear intellect and stainless honour. The scientific policy of reprisals is not, as confused minds imagine, the policy of vengeance. It is the policy of prevention. We have, moreover, been privately instructed by one of the ablest and wisest men in this country that a policy of reprisals might greatly aid in bringing about a *break-up within Germany to-day*.

Mr. G. A. Ashton writes to us this week ("Correspondence", page 207) suggesting that the captain of the "King Stephen" should have taken off the crew of Zeppelin "L 19", "a few at a time and securely pinioned them, thereby showing humanity and securing the safety of his boat at the same time". We suggest that the operation of taking off and securely pinioning "a few at a time" of a fully armed and desperate crew of a Zeppelin is a somewhat more delicate one than he seems to regard it. There are possibilities of "Will you walk into my parlour? said the spider to the fly", which, we fancy, he slightly overlooks. The men of the "King Stephen" were entirely unarmed. Nor would such an operation, even assuming a lamb-like submission on the part of the crew of the Zeppelin, have been exactly a speedy one.

The captain of the "King Stephen" did wisely in all respects in reporting the incident with all possible despatch to armed authorities, who but for the heavy storm which occurred would no doubt have rescued the Zeppelin crew safely and effectually. As to the

point that the thirty men "acted under orders", so do pirates "act under orders". So, often, do thieves, murderers, and various other criminals. We differ, also, from Mr. Ashton's view that the haphazard bombing of English towns is a "justifiable military operation". Only a week or two ago we were examining the ruined houses of a certain provincial town in England where civilians were slaughtered by a Zeppelin, although there are no munition works in the place and there is no military importance whatever about it. Germany uses her Zeppelins to-day, as all the world knows, in order to spread terror among her opponents. It is part of her studied policy of frightfulness. Her people demand, and are greatly cheered by, the bombing of open French and English towns and the slaughter of civilians therein. But the hunger of the German people for such cheer would promptly end if they found they were suffering an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth in the matter.

What Sir Alfred Turner says of Japan in the REVIEW to-day is perfectly true. Japan has done nobly for the Allies already in this war, and her sphere of utility in certain matters is by no means yet ended. We would also like to say here a word about Italy. Italy has done great things, and we are sure is destined to do greater. She has done wonders and this country is greatly indebted to her.

We wish some of our excited publicists could be induced to-day to desist from abusing Turkey and all things Turkish. *It is very poor policy indeed*; and much of this abuse is based on indifferent evidence, not gained on the spot, but picked out of bits here and there in not particularly responsible print. Our relentless and dangerous enemy in this war is the German. We agree with Mr. Sidney Whitman's hint in an interesting article in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of 24 February: this country has mishandled the question of the Turks in the past; we should not add to this error now.

Mr. Asquith's speech on Monday in moving the new credit of 420 millions was almost entirely a recital of dizzy figures. The total votes sanctioned since war broke out now reach the colossal sum of £1,782,000,000; our settled daily rate of expenditure now being some £5,000,000 per day; £300,000,000 of the new vote is for the coming financial year. The residue is to enable the Government to settle its accounts up to 31 March of the present year. Our expenditure includes £168,000,000 by way of loan to our Allies. Thus the recital continues, dealing in hundreds of millions. The wholesale and lavish character of these operations is well enough shown in that no less than £1,200,000 is being taken by the Government as a margin. Meantime we are assured that the Retrenchment Committees—there are at least three of them now at work—are no longer snubbed, but are doing constant and valuable work as overseers.

Mr. McKenna told the House a golden tale of our credit. Mr. McKenna is an interesting Chancellor of the Exchequer. One day he is cast for the part of Cassandra, prophesying a catastrophe; another day he is what the Elizabethans described as a comfortable counsellor. The American rate of exchange is good; the Bank of England has gold enough for all probable calls; our credit is assured, however long the war may last. This is well enough; but it must be read together with our Chancellor's lectures on thrift and his known anxiety concerning our industries for export.

The House did not dwell much upon Mr. Asquith's figures—or upon finance at all—on Monday. It rode off after a herring of Sir John Simon, who has been making a great fuss about the exemptions granted, or not granted, to young men under the National Service Act. We do not think Sir John Simon need be very seriously taken on this subject. He is an enemy of

the Act and likes to fish in any troubled water he can find in the administration of the Act.

The "Morning Post" has done another public service in directing its searchlight on an extraordinary statement by Mr. Percy Alden, M.P. for Tottenham. Mr. Alden says that he was approached by a Cabinet Minister a short time before the introduction of the Military Service Bill, and asked to organise opposition to "Conscription"—as the Tories in the Government were pressing hard for the step. Now who was that Cabinet Minister? If it was Sir John Simon, the matter may well pass, as he has left the Government. But if it was not Sir John Simon, clearly the Minister, whoever he is, should as a man of honour come forward at once. He must perceive that, by lying low, he throws suspicion and discredit on two or three others in the Cabinet who are known to be opponents of National Service, or Conscription as its opponents call it—though Conscription perished in France after the disastrous war of 1870 and has never been revived in any country in Europe.

Of course, disapproving of National Service and opposing it within the Cabinet is quite a different thing from privately requesting political friends outside the Cabinet to organise opposition in order to "dish" certain colleagues in the Cabinet. The first course is perfectly honourable; the second course would be disgraceful. Either Mr. Alden ought to be forced by his supporters at Tottenham to divulge the name of the Cabinet Minister who approached him in the matter, or, failing this, the Cabinet Minister himself ought to come forward. We hope the "Morning Post", which is always on the side of honour and patriotism—and is undaunted in its constant pursuit of both—will be able to force out the truth. As things stand at present, the unpleasant charge is that there is, within the Cabinet, a plotter against his own colleagues. The assertion of Mr. Percy Alden can be read in no other possible manner. The honour of the Cabinet is affected by this M.P.'s statement. This is no private, it is a public, matter, and it should be cleared up forthwith.

"To treat figures quite clearly", said Lord Emmott in the blockade debate this week, "would need an angel from heaven". It is not that figures cannot be clear; but that they can, apparently, be clear as plus and minus are clear, one set seeming wholly to cancel and destroy another set. Lord Sydenham's figures and Lord Devonport's figures in the House of Lords on Tuesday seemed to prove that Germany is still getting all kinds of important commodities through neutral ports. But Lord Lansdowne's figures presented an entirely different case. There is not the least doubt that all these figures were used in perfect good faith and were quite sound, so far as they went. The mischief in regard to figures is that a few figures, like a little learning, are dangerous. Where figures are concerned nothing short of ALL the figures will do.

Lord Sydenham's speech on the blockade is the best we have had from critics of the Government in this matter. It was careful; it allowed for all the difficulties; it did not contain the usual fallacies and nostrums concerning blockade and contraband and starving the enemy. The point that our Orders in Council are necessary and legitimate—that they should not have been proclaimed as reprisals—was well made. Lord Sydenham admirably insisted that fighting nations, as well as neutral nations, have rights and claims which international equity cannot disregard; and he is entirely right in pointing out that those rights are entirely disregarded in documents like the Declaration of London.

But Lord Lansdowne in his answer made one thing, at least, quite clear. It is essential in approaching this subject to keep quite distinct the record of the Government during the first seven months of the war

and its record after March 1915. One also has to admit the immense improvement of the last few months. Further, one has to note that no practicable suggestion has been made as to how the blockade can be made entirely watertight. Proportionately as its strictness increases, temptations to evade it increase also; and British and neutral Governments alike are confronted with the practised craft of some of the acutest brains in Europe.

But the noose will be drawn tighter yet. Lord Crewe spoke of a possible tightening up of the procedure of our Prize Courts. The benefit of the doubt has been too freely accorded to suspected cargoes. Then there is a possibility of stricter agreement yet with the neutral authorities and a more reasonable system of rationing. Finally, the whole problem will have the personal supervision of a Minister with a seat in the Cabinet and no other charge to distract his attention.

The appointment of Lord Robert Cecil to this important post is a welcome stroke of the Government. He has been in personal charge of this business now for several months. All he has said concerning it has been said wisely and firmly. This excellent appointment is a thousand times better than the Committee we feared would, sooner or later, appear in this connection. Lord Robert, moreover, started into this business with a clean past. He is not associated with any pre-war policy, such as is contained in the Declaration of London. He has intellect and character in an equal degree and can be trusted to deal with his charge in a firm, brave way, and also with an absolute discretion.

That a man is better than a committee to conjure the public with is now beginning to be realised by the Government. Lord Derby's new post as chairman of the Joint Committee upon aerial construction shows it. Taken with Lord Robert Cecil's personal charge of the blockade, this appointment of Lord Derby is encouraging. Measures not men, or men not measures, is a false dilemma. Get the man, and the measures will follow—especially if the man is Lord Derby.

Public opinion is much concerned with the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, whose directors are in favour of Free Trade after the war. Their memorandum on this bad policy was questioned at once by the members, and a poll decided by a majority of 461 votes that the memorandum should be referred back to the directors. Manchester is in the throes and even the old enemies of Free Trade can sympathise.

It is a pleasure to print this week Mr. Wyatt Tilby's article on the Imperial Council. Five-and-twenty years ago these problems of the Empire immensely attracted the younger school of English politicians, and we can recall more than one glowing, generous discourse on them by George Curzon and George Wyndham. Again, when Chamberlain first launched his noble plans some twelve years ago, there was a great glamour about the theme. It died down later in the strife of smaller and purely insular politics. But a few men have quietly gone on with good spade work for the Empire, and Mr. Tilby's books on "The English People Overseas" have kept the torch alight. Their reward is coming now.

We must say we think a mistake, a mistake in judgment and in taste, was made in putting the "Standard" up to public auction in London on Wednesday. It should not have been done. The "Standard" is an old English journal with a most honourable tradition. It is served, it always has been served, faithfully by a devoted staff. The incident of Wednesday was undignified and offensive; and we think that most journalists, Tory and Radical alike, who take their calling seriously, will hold the same view.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE GLORIOUS FEAT OF RUSSIA.

THE tremendous battle now raging round Verdun is, in part, the German retort to the fall of Erzerum: we shall not go far wrong in estimating the worth of the Russian victory by the fierce attack on the French by the armies of the Crown Prince.

A magnificent feat of arms, such as Russia's, gives rise to so much excitement and to so many rumours that truth and the enemy seem to be routed together. This explains why controversy bickers from age to age around stricken fields. There is not a battle in history free from mythical elements; and telegraphic accounts from the zone of danger are often as fanciful as the oddments of gossip that circulate slowly from soldiers into civilian clubs and workshops. So it is not surprising that the public in a time of war becomes dubious, then incredulous, then cynical.

We fear that the capture by Russia of Erzerum—a great and glorious feat of arms—suffers in public estimation from the agnostic questioning that is heard everywhere. Many leading articles have done justice to a noble achievement, which should have extremely important results; but the people have been deceived so many times and in so many different ways that words in print, if they treat of current events, provoke suspicion. Last summer, when Russia went through her terrible ordeal, retreating through disasters towards her winter trenches, crazy "optimists" told the public that Germany was being lured to destruction by Russian strategy; and that the fall of Warsaw in August was a proof of midsummer madness in the Germans. And now that Russia has renewed her strength and won a far-reaching success, efforts are being made to burlesque her victory by surrounding it with inflated rumours. The fall of Erzerum was barely a day old when telegrams declared that the Grand Duke Nicholas had captured 1,000 guns and 80,000 Turks. Then the 80,000 dwindled to 40,000, and one report said that 35,000 might be the number in a rough estimate. What is the use of this idle guessing? It increases the people's cynicism, and it keeps them from thinking calmly over the Russian official news and over the probable results of a great achievement.

Thought warns us that no military event in the present war has had all the consequences which the best judges have expected from its action and reaction. So we must not exaggerate even this keen blow at the enemy's allied prestige and fortune; but it is at any rate clear that a strategic position, the key to the Asiatic possessions of the Turk, has fallen to Russia just at the most opportune time, when Bulgaria has had a cold fit after great losses, when Constantinople has learnt much that is galling about German methods, when Germany has to be alert and wide-awake along her enormous battle-lines, and after many rebuffs in the Near East have done harm to the influence of Italy and France, and the British Empire. That Russia's quick revival should win its first fame in Asia Minor, checking the Turco-German activity in North-Western Persia, and easing the Turkish pressure upon our troops in Mesopotamia, is a remarkable lesson indeed to all her partners, for it is they, not she, who should have hastened into efficiency in order to restore the balance there.

It is not too much to say that the German-led Turkish forces everywhere—in Armenia, in Syria, in Mesopotamia—must feel at sixes and sevens. In Eastern Armenia a whole army has been scattered in three directions among the snows of a most primitive region; it is scarcely likely to figure again in this war as a rallied and efficient force. And our military correspondent draws attention to another point. A severe winter was necessary to the Grand Duke's plans, because the approaches to Erzerum are guarded by miles of marshlands, which need an intense frost to turn them into roads of ice strong enough to bear an army and its big guns. What a friend or what a foe the elements can be! Farther south Sir Percy Lake and his relief columns are held up by storms and floods, while the northern advance needs Générales

Janvier and Février in a winter of unusual severity. Indeed, the fighting for Erzerum was a sort of arctic hell—a fiery torment 56 degrees below freezing-point.

Yet the Russian troops moved on at once, pursuing the Turks towards Erzingan on the west and towards Trebizond on the north-west. Very soon they captured the remnants of the 34th Turkish Division. Meantime a Russian force assailed the Turkish flank and captured Melazgert, north of Lake Van. Thence a column went west, and, by taking Khnys, blocked the Turkish line of retreat to the south. Two other columns, moving out from Melazgert, did excellent work. One of them went south and took Akhlat, on the north-western end of Lake Van; the other marched south-west for about fifty miles and captured Mush, in the valley of the Euphrates, about 130 miles from the Baghdad railway. Not less important are the movements towards Trebizond, one of which travels along the Black Sea coast from Arkhave.

Russia is happy now, and her troops on the various fronts in the European theatre shout their glad news to the entrenched Austrians and Germans. On the Dvinsk front they exhibited above their trenches a placard bearing the German words, "*Erzrum Kaput*", "*Erzerum done for*", and the Germans replied with a furious cannonade, followed by several futile attacks. "The Russian airmen completed the campaign of education by scattering in the enemy's lines leaflets furnishing particulars of the Russian victory."

Seven or eight months ago it was said in prophecy that the hammering of the German armies would unshackle Russia. To prophesy in war is like running through a thick fog, but Russia in her history has saved more than one prophet from discomfiture. Napoleon said of her that she was gifted with an unparalleled heroism in defence; and now the world knows that a swift revival after great defeats makes her formidable in attack.

This week the Tsar has himself joined his people in their consciousness of recovered unity and forward-going purpose. For the first time he attended at the Taurus Palace the opening of the Duma, as if he wished to show that a war in defence of national rights and liberties gave lessons in constitutional government to himself and to his Empire. He stood before the altar with the nation's Deputies, he mingled with them, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm. In a brief speech, spoken without notes, he said how glad he was to find himself among his people in the auspicious hour of the glorious victory which has just crowned Russian arms in the Caucasus. Only through harmonious co-operation between the Emperor and his subjects could final victory be achieved. The Tsar trusted that the responsible labours of the Duma would be attended by the fullest measure of success. The National Anthem was sung, and M. Sazonoff reiterated the three basic principles of Russian policy—close unity of the Allies on political, strategic, and economic grounds; refusal to conclude a separate peace; and determination to go on with the war till Prussian militarism is overthrown. And another point will be noted with care by German statesmen. There is no change in the Russian attitude towards Polish autonomy. Russia means to go forward; and nothing can break her mighty spirit.

OUR SOLEMN DUTY TO BELGIUM.

THAT Belgium stood in the pass during the first weeks of war, opposing her little force to the most thoroughly equipped military Power of modern times; that she served for a shield and fortress for the whole of the Western Front, saving Paris and making it possible eventually to draw our lines in earth and steel from the Vosges to the Channel; that she thereby attracted to herself all the worst horrors of war as those horrors are declared and practised by the butchers of Aerschot; that she has lost in the Allied cause every rood of ground, and has for eighteen months been systematically looted and exploited by the

invader; that she has rejected and continues to reject every kind of offer from the enemy, and clings, as we are reminded in perhaps the finest cartoon of the war, to her sole remaining possession—which is her honour—these are no more than the facts, the chaff and dry bones of indisputable history. We have, indeed, so thoroughly mastered and accepted the story of Belgium's part in the war that we are in some peril of beginning to regard it as a legend, as a thing which has passed. Belgium's heroic stand in August 1914 has begun to rank as a finished chapter in the world's book of great achievements, to be regarded as something apart from present reality. It, therefore, is necessary now and then to pause and realise that Belgium's part in the war from Liège to Antwerp remains to this day one of the chief determining and operative motives of our politics and strategy. It is not a legend, it is a factor of this present war to be kept continually in mind. We have, to the end of the war and all through the period of settlement, to keep in the front of our minds all that Belgium has dared and suffered. These things are not a tale that is told, but our own immediate and urgent concern.

The invasion of Belgium was the event which united all parties in this country in a resolution that the war must be fought, as Mr. Asquith has phrased it, to the last drop of our blood and the last penny of our wealth. Belgium held the pass on the explicit understanding that she would be righted and avenged to the full extent of our power. Our honour and prestige are engaged to the hilt in the righting of Belgium. No later responsibilities, no new task to which we may set our hand, can come before our primary intention in this war—which is to obtain for Belgium full reparation, and to free her not merely from the occupation, but from all influence, direct or indirect, of the invader.

Belgium stands, in time and honour, at the head of the European nations which, in August 1914, were leagued together to save for themselves and their heirs the liberty to breathe. Rarely in history has so conspicuously heroic a part fallen to any Sovereign as the part which was then accepted without hesitation by King Albert. He had every excuse for declining it. History would not very harshly have dealt with the Belgian King and his people if they had refused the audacious and, as it might well have seemed, extravagant decision to resist the German claim. Any Government might well quail before exposing its people to total ruin for the sake of a few weeks' delay to the plans of an enemy—an enemy whose power was clearly adequate for an immediate and a crushing employment. How easy it would have been for the Belgian Government to protest against the passage of the German armies, to keep the letter of neutrality and retire from a contest plainly unequal. Prudence might plausibly have urged a hundred reasons why armed resistance was quixotic and absurd. To what advantage could it be to stand in the path, to be bludgeoned aside and be treated, in revenge, as a helot or hostage for the whole period of the war? Why should Belgium sacrifice herself to delay those German armies which the guarantors of Belgian independence were themselves unready to meet? Belgium could hardly be supposed to have agreed with the rest of Europe that in the event of war with Germany her own people should delay the enemy by offering themselves up to massacre.

Thus King Albert and his counsellors might plausibly have argued—and thus they never for one moment consented to argue. Belgium stood in the giant's way, undismayed by his Fee Faw Fum and all his apparatus of vile terror and mutilation; and Belgium has paid the price in full for this heroic decision. The full extent of the German terror in Belgium, the systematic pressure, brutalisation, and robbery—carried on from day to day without respite or remedy—will not be realised till, after the war, we come to reckon up the total losses of the Belgian nation. Hitherto we have thought more of the first foul period of outrage and massacre than of the wearying months which followed and persist to this hour. We have to put

these two phases of the occupation together—the butchery and rape of the “conquest” with the *peine forte et dure* of the “administration”—in computing what Belgium has suffered in this war. Then we have to reflect that Belgium has incurred all this for the sake of no material gain, in virtue of no absolute bond which she might not, with a little shuffling, have safely repudiated—but for the sake, quite simply, of her honour as an independent nation.

This is a story which will remain ever fresh in history—a story we must ourselves keep in mind even while we are making our own history, on a bigger scale than ever before, elsewhere than at Liège and Louvain. Our original purpose holds. Belgium has to be restored and indemnified. That is the kernel of our task. The war which began with the wrong done to Belgium and our impotence to avert it must end with so full and so apt a righting of the wrong that no Power will be readily tempted to enter upon its like again.

The Allied leaders have lately reminded us that they are unreservedly agreed as to this. The late renewal of our pledge to the Belgian Government that a full reparation will be required of Germany for the wrongs of Belgium as the first-fruits of an Allied victory is fuller and more significant than any which preceded it. It provides that the Belgian people shall be an immediate party in all the peace negotiations, and that the Allies shall secure not only the military evacuation of Belgium, but a definite and practical extrusion of German influence. Germany is working hard to-day that she may keep a commercial and financial grasp upon the territories she now occupies even after the armies have been withdrawn. It will be our duty to see that when the German armies cross the frontiers of Belgium the Belgian people are freed of all their fetters. They must be free and able to build up their country anew in absolute independence. Germany has to hand back to Belgium more than her acres. She has to hand back the loot—the loot which stands for all the credit and trade she has destroyed or has planned to turn into channels which flow towards Berlin and the German banks.

Meantime Belgium continues under a heel which presses harder as the war wears on. As Germany feels the pinch at home she more systematically robs the conquered. The British Foreign Office has lately allowed supplies of raw material to reach the Belgian factories in order that Belgian industries may still continue to exist. But it has been found impossible to continue these supplies. Everything which reaches Belgium gets ultimately into the thief's hands, and is used for war purposes against ourselves. Unless we are to prolong the war and put off the day of reparation these imports must cease altogether. They do not benefit our Ally, whose industries are nothing more than the milch cow of her oppressor. There is in Belgium to-day no security of personal honour or private property. The remedy lies in a full and absolute redemption of our pledge to Belgium. This will remain to the end one of the prime motives of our struggle with Germany. It is not the sole motive of our quarrel. We had other obligations, and we should have been disgraced if we had watched Germany invade French territory by any route whatsoever. But that does not affect the strict accuracy of our statement that it was the wrong done to Belgium which literally “raised” the British nation. The righting of that wrong would be a sufficient motive in itself for fighting this war to a finish.

SIR JOHN SIMON'S LITTLE LAMB.

AT the Wandsworth Tribunal this week a man claimed exemption from the Military Service Act because he has only one eye and has lost half the sight of the other—rather a reasonable claim, we should have thought. According to the daily Press, however, he is—eye or no eye—to be called up for service in two months' time. What is the reason of this? it may be asked by those who have

been too busy to attend to these little questions of national service and so forth. We will explain the reason. The so-called “Voluntary System, Sir”, which is described by our half-fighters, pacific-militarists, sham socialists and the like as the “pride and glory” of this nation, still lingers half alive. The Military Service Act, it is true, snipped off its tail, or say cut it off somewhere about the middle, and either the head or the belly end—we are not sure which—of the thing still crawls. Like the wounded snake in Pope, the Voluntary System, Sir, still “drags its slow length along”. As a result the authorities must go on raking together the men as best they may. Men, Men, Men, declare the authorities, we must have men of some sort or kind somehow. When they find that the exemptions under the Act are becoming numerous they take alarm and protest from the Government benches against these “right and left” exemptions. Who can reasonably blame Mr. Tennant for such a protest? Then the Tribunes, naturally sensitive to such signals of distress, grow stonier over exemption claims; and—if only “to show there is no ill-feeling”—they may now and then net in a man with only half an eye, or, who knows? a man with a cork leg may be landed—like those German conscripts which, according to the Optimist Press, limp into the trenches somewhere in France.

But really it is not fair for the “Star”, which has taken up the man with half an eye, to blame Mr. Tennant, M.P., the Under-Secretary of State for War, for these little slips; and it is not fair for Sir John Simon and the “Daily News” to fall foul of the Military Service Act because the mother's only son—and she was a widow—is taken and with him all her support in life. For neither Mr. Tennant, nor the Military Service Act, nor the alleged Conscriptionist gang or black hand in the Cabinet—against whom Mr. Percy Alden, M.P., is primed—nor even the perplexed Tribunes—in reality not one of these is to blame.

What is to blame is the writhing remnant of the Voluntary System, Sir: and if you would cartoon the Voluntary System, Sir, to-day, sketch the man with half an eye before the Tribunes of the people. The half-eyed man and the widow's only son—whom on Tuesday the “Star” and the “Daily News” were weeping and gnashing their teeth over—these, virtually, are the Voluntary System, Sir. When, and not until, the Military Service Act is made general and fair all round: when, and not until, Benedick, who is every bit as good and true and patriotic a man as Bachelor, is privileged like Bachelor—then it will not be necessary to tear away the widow's only son nor call up the man with half an eye. There will be enough without them.

The Voluntary System, Sir, is wholly, solely to blame for the irregularities, the little peculiarities, over which Sir John Simon, the “Daily News” and the “Star” are crying and rending their garments: and it is their own particular little pet lamb—if we may exchange the reptilian for an ovine metaphor. The lamb is rather shorn and bleating on these icy February days, yet still alive. They will be well advised to send it mercifully along to the butcher's without further delay. It will cut nice and tender: and we will supply the mint sauce.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 82) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE ASIA MINOR THEATRE.

ASIA MINOR, the birthplace of the world's history and the birthplace of war, is not fated to have the gratification of witnessing either the close of the former or the sepulchre of the latter. What a story could be unfolded if the millions of victims whose skeletons have fertilised the plains of Mesopotamia and the valleys of Anatolia, Kurdistan, Syria, and Armenia were permitted to rise again to life and speech! The

very Babel of tongues from the fallen warriors that have marched from distant lands east and west in the train of conquering kings would perplex and confuse the historian in his endeavours to unravel the true tale. In Palestine, perhaps the most bloodstained region of the earth, we see the cradle of the greatest idea the world has ever seen, and still its most cherished possession after nigh upon 2,000 years. A still earlier history comes from Eridu and Ur, the home of the Chaldeans, the first known human settlements, whose ruins have just echoed with the roar of British cannon in their efforts on the Lower Tigris and Euphrates. Journey farther north from the mouths of these rivers, and row after row of desolate mounds may be seen—monuments of the sites of Nineveh, Ashur and mighty Babylon itself. The Assyrian cohorts, clad in their purple and gold, have marched and countermarched across these lands to the shores of the Mediterranean and to the frontiers of Egypt. Xenophon fought Cunaxa on the plains west of Baghdad, and the long line of retreat of his 10,000 warriors can still be traced through the Kurdish mountains by the defile of Bitlis to the shores of the Black Sea at Trebizond. Alexander of Macedon, striding from the east, fought one of the great battles in world history at Issus, near the Gulf of Alexandretta, whence its name. He laid Darius low at Arbela, near the Tigris, where he tapped Persian blood in veritable rivers. Singular that the route chosen by this conquering king should foreshadow the footsteps of the iron horse, for the projected course of the Baghdad railway along the northern fringe of the great plain of Mesopotamia adheres closely to the path chosen by the Macedonian monarch on his homeward journey.

In later days, when Rome contested with Persia for the mastery of the East, the Emperors Jovian and Justinian led large expeditions by the well-known route through Aleppo and down the Euphrates Valley. Farther north frontier fortresses at Nisibin (on the Baghdad railway route), Dara, and Bezabde, on the Upper Tigris, stood as buttresses to guard the confines of the great Empires of Rome and Persia. Many conquering armies have moved across the picture. Parthian cavalry have scoured the plains along the middle Tigris; the great Moslem movement surged up from the south; the devastating hordes of Tamerlane and Kulagu swept over the country from Samarkand to Thrace, and blotted out whole cities and their inhabitants, leaving deep scars which endure unto this day.

A land that has survived æons of war must from its very history have been a land worth fighting for. Peoples did not combat for dynasties or Kultur in past ages. They were warrior nations led to battle by their kings with the incentives of lust, plunder and rapine ever before their eyes. And yet the germs of Kultur must have been very evident in this thickly populated land. We modern Christians have much to thank the ancients for the great monuments of science that they have bequeathed to us. It was no mean mind that designed the power wherewith to harness the two mighty rivers Euphrates and Tigris that traverse the great plains of Mesopotamia and thus turn a desert into fertile fields. The dams, the barrages, the dry watercourses that exist to this day, but which are many miles from the existing track of these great streams, are witnesses of what was once the thriving home of a multitude of thousands. We can realise what a temptation to a virile fighting people must have been this paradise.

It was the very method of ancient warfare that doomed this once smiling country to resume its desert aspect. A land that was denied a regular rainfall, and whose fertility was solely dependent upon the methods of restraint of the great waters that rolled from far-distant snow tops to the plains below, would change its aspect when once the controlling hand was gone. Women have ever been the toilers on Eastern fields. With their deft fingers they were masters of the tiny irrigating channels that gave life to the fruitful soil. The monster War comes by to burn and loot and ravage. The men are killed off or taken to adorn a triumph; the women are apportioned to the con-

querors, and the hands that dominate the waters follow their new masters into distant lands.

A land that was once the granary of the known world, a country that in past ages found food for neighbouring millions of both friend and foe, can surely with the help of modern science be galvanised again into activity. To do the new Committee of Union and Progress formed in Turkey justice, such was their idea. Plans for the re-harnessing of the great rivers were drawn out by a master mind that had gained much experience with the great waters of the Punjab and had solved a difficulty on the banks of the mighty Nile. Schemes for the restoration of the country to its pristine wealth and its repopulation and for the building of railways were put forward. An era of prosperity appeared about to commence in those lands which have lain so long dormant when once again in the 20th century of the Christian era the fiend of war comes upon the theatre engineered and staged by the devastating Hun. There was something in Cain's curse.

II.

Turning from past history to the consideration of the military geography of this theatre of the War, it is as well to look at it from three points of view; for nature has defined that particular number of spheres within which war operations can be designed.

(1) Firstly, in the north the great Alpine region that stretches for nigh 1,000 miles to the east from the shores of the Ægean to the confines of the Caucasus. Roughly, this tangle of mountains runs in three parallel ranges: the more northern, with its watershed at distances varying from 20 to 50 miles from the fringe of the Black Sea, with peaks that run to a height of over 12,000 ft. at the eastern extremity, and then gradually assume a lower elevation as the range works to the west. The centre range buttressed on Mount Ararat on the East, where three Empires meet, runs in an intermittent form some 150 to 50 miles distant from the northern. The southern belt of mountains, starting from the lofty barrier that shuts off Persia on the eastern frontier of Turkey in Asia, merges into the Armenian Taurus, and thence to the Cilician gates that overlook the shores of the blue Mediterranean. Amid the confused labyrinth of greater and lesser ranges that lie in a confused mass in Northern Asia Minor meander the streams of the great Tigris and Euphrates, the head waters of these rivers both finding a birth-place near the plateau on which stands Erzurum. A river of almost equal length, but unknown to common fame, the Kizil Irmak, rises not far west of these two giant streams, and, after serpentine west for many hundred miles, turns north and finds an opening in the Black Sea. Communications in such an intertwine of stream and broken mountain fastness cannot be otherwise than lengthy, arduous and intricate. So much so that the merchants in the towns which are sited in the rugged districts that intervene between the parallel ranges above defined seek an outlet for the produce of the districts by shorter routes that lead northward to the Black Sea, and thence by sail or steam to the capital of the Empire. Thus the long and toilsome journey that leads from Constantinople along the highway of ancient commerce to Erzerum has in times of peace been avoided by a sea journey to the port of Trebizond, and thence by road for some 170 miles to the capital of Armenia. War has changed the picture. Sea power has forbidden to the inhabitants of Stamboul the ready inflow of the products of the rich valleys that lie between the mountain ranges of Northern Asia Minor.

The closing of the northern ports by Russia's Navy has shut out the fruits of the harvests reaped in the rich province of Sivas and its richer neighbours. No longer can the coal that is mined in Sunguldak or the charcoal that is burned in the forests that abound along the Black Sea coastline find a way to its destination at Stamboul except by the medium of traffic upon the backs of camels and asses over broken roads and across countless crazy bridgeways. Such motive power, even though assisted by the creaking araba of the country,

is hardly a means of transporting the requirements of supply for the huge weapons that modern war has seen. It is the forcing upon Turkey of this alternative line of communication for the purpose of sustaining her army in Eastern Armenia that will enhance the value of Russia's victory at Erzerum. Erzerum, the political, commercial and military centre of Turkish power in Armenia, may be able to find sustenance for her armies from local sources, but with arsenals that are separated by some 750 miles of uncertain road transit from her distant outpost the prospect of being able to maintain or replenish the sinews of war is faint in the extreme.

The second sphere in Asia Minor, where a study of military geography with a view of war operations may be of interest, lies on the western fringe of that part of the country known to the traveller as Syria. Science has come to the rescue of the Turk in any hostile intent that an enemy may meditate upon the military communications that lead to the southern fringe of his Empire. Based, as all military operations in that Empire are, of necessity, upon the capital, the iron horse that leads thence to the south with but two intermissions has entirely altered the military situation. Alternate plains, plateaux, mountain ranges, plains again, more mountain ranges, a semi-wilderness, and then deserts, define roughly the topography of the route which the line of communication must traverse. The track has been traced along a route which affords a minimum of vulnerability from an oversea adversary. The Turk, as we remember, has made an effort from the north upon our main route to the East on the banks of the Suez Canal. Troops drawn from this Syrian area are Arab-speaking subjects of the Sultan, who fight with faint heart for an Ottoman cause. The Turkish army in this sphere has already shot one bolt without success, and events elsewhere will have afforded reason for discounting a repetition.

The third sphere of interest from the point of military geography in Asia Minor is the huge desert area that lies enclosed between the mountain fastnesses on the north in Turkish Armenia, as described above, on the east by the lofty ranges that fringe the Persian frontier, on the west by the Syrian rugged, broken piles of hills that run from north to south along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea to the Sinai Peninsula. On the south is coastline, with oases inhabited by Arab tribes whose allegiance to Moslem power has taken the form of open hostility. The picture of this country generally is now well presented to anyone interested in the story of the War. Few readers will, however, have realised what part the extreme southern fringe of this area has already played in the future destiny of Turkey. An Arabian revolt in 1911, in the province of Yemen, which necessitated the employment of troops of pure Moslem faith, proved a blood-tax on the Empire that she has hardly yet recovered. Turkey can ill spare the many hundreds of thousand men whose bones now fertilise this province and the arid tracks traversed by her armies. It is with the upper or northern half of this sphere that we are now concerned, and here the railway has obliterated the desert, the greatest of military obstacles to successful communications in war. Traced along the path trodden by the armies of Alexander until the road approaches the navigable waters of the river Tigris, some half of Northern Mesopotamia can now be traversed by the locomotive. The banks of the giant streams of the Tigris and Euphrates which converge into the Shatt-el-Arab can alone afford regions where military operations may be carried on. Floods brought on by the melting of the distant snows convert the shallow troughs that border the banks of these rivers into swamps that are impassable; while an intense summer heat and a climate of a pestilential nature permit of military action at that period only to a well seasoned and acclimatised soldiery.

III.

Constantinople, which once stood in the centre of the Turkish Empire, now stands at the very apex of its western and northern frontier. The heart of the

empire is by the force of circumstances called upon to drive the life blood of war 1,000 miles in three several directions over mountain, road, valley and desert to the military centres which guard her frontiers. The railway has done much for her, but not all. Laid out originally to serve more a political than a commercial object, there seems yet a veiled purpose in the special path which the engineers in later years have been called upon to follow. The system, of which there must be some 4,000 miles now finished, is throughout of good construction framed for heavy traffic, but in the laying of it out it is noticeable how well the track has been guarded from approach by an enemy with any hostile intent to strike against the capital. But one vulnerable stretch exists in the long course from Constantinople in the projected line to Baghdad. Originally intended as was this route to follow the continuation of the trunk line at Angora, thence to pass through Sivas and Kharput, and thus approach the Russian frontier, the political pressure of our Ally upon the Turk called a halt. The German, however, then came in with his say in the matter, and from Konia, the old Seljuk capital, has projected the Baghdad railway through the Taurus mountains by a great tunnel, still unfinished, to the rich Cilician plains. A hundred miles of journey over this fertile region, a veritable cotton paradise, and through another tunnel, likewise uncompleted, piercing the Auranus range, the system joins up on the plains beyond with the Syrian railways which traverse the semi-wilderness that leads south to the borders of Egypt and on to Medina. Meeting this latter line in the vicinity of Aleppo, the main route to Baghdad then courses freely to the east without obstruction, for the bridge over the Euphrates is already finished, and at this moment finds a railhead at the town of Nisibin. For military purposes road traction of some 70 miles over easy and hard desert to Mosul is all that is required until the Tigris waterway is reached. From Mosul rafts convey the traveller as far as Tekris, or even to Baghdad, but a portion of the railway can again be utilised at Samara, and journey made thence by the iron horse to the old capital of the Caliphs.

IV.

It will be seen by a study of the above system of communications and of the military geography of the country that the German-led Turkish armies in Armenia, in Mesopotamia and in Syria have risks and difficulties behind them as well as in front. Success in their efforts to sustain operations, especially so during the winter months, hinges upon the sensitive thread that stretches across the hundred miles of gap that traverse the Cilician plain between the Taurus and Ammanus ranges of mountains. The magnificent feat of arms of our Ally at Erzerum will have gone far to wreck one of our opponent's armies. Scattered in three directions among the snows and pathless regions of Eastern Armenia, these forces will scarcely figure again as formed units for the purposes of war. Our Ally chose wisely for the season of his hammer blow, for only the very intensity of the cold permitted of operations over the miles of marshland that guard the approaches to Erzerum. What a friend or what an enemy can be the elements! Farther south we see our forces held up and at a standstill by unseasonable rains, while in the same month in the north we find victory due to a winter of extraordinary severity.

The salvation of German prestige at Baghdad has been entrusted to the old schoolmaster of the German-trained Turkish army. Von der Goltz, we know, has travelled thither and he has not gone there single-handed.

There are four significant occurrences which have lately become public property—(a) The visit of an officer of high rank in the department of our Imperial General Staff to our Ally in the East; (b) the notification that operations in the Eastern and Far Eastern theatres of war are to be directed from England and not from India; (c) the formation of strong strategic reserves ready to hand in a central position; (d) a simplification of the means for co-ordinate strategy.

There is the making of a fine coup-de-guerre in the Asia Minor theatre, if the direction of operations be left to a soldier mind. Can we venture to hope that the many-headed Council that has so often wrecked our chances will stand aside for once—just once? Imagine at this moment what the acceptance by Greece of the bribe of Cyprus might have entailed. Years ago Great Britain was by the mercy of Providence guided in its foreign policy by a Minister gifted with strategical acumen for future possibilities. It was, indeed, good fortune that the foresight of a Beaconsfield was not dimmed by eyes of Grey.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION OR IMPERIAL COUNCIL?

BY A. WYATT TILBY.

A GREAT deal has been said and written lately about the reorganisation, financial, commercial and constitutional, of the British Empire after the war. Much of the writing, and some of the speeches, have been excellent in sentiment and intention; but, unfortunately, excellent sentiments do not carry us very far. When a politician talks about federalising the whole Empire, it is tolerably certain that he has forgotten India; when a lawyer mentions a unified Imperial code as an ideal of the future, it is quite certain that he has never studied either the fundamental law of the Australian Commonwealth or its subsequent statutes.

There is, indeed, some danger that in these discussions, or, rather, aspirations (for they are little more at present), we should think too much about Imperial Federation, which does not yet exist, and too little about the Imperial Council, which not only exists but has done admirable work this last twenty years.

The difficulties which have prevented any form of Imperial Federation from achieving success are formidable in the extreme, and they are not likely to become less formidable in the future. It would mean an entirely new Parliament in an Empire already more than adequately supplied with Parliamentary machinery; and this new Parliament, superior to all others, whether at Westminster or Ottawa or Wellington, would necessarily imply the degradation of our own and the Dominion Legislatures to the level of something a little higher than a county council. That would of itself mean that the best men would be even less willing than at present to offer themselves for their national Parliaments; they would reserve themselves for the superior body, which, sitting as it presumably would, in London, would inevitably mean that they would get out of touch with their constituents on the other side of the world. And not all constituents can be treated with the contempt with which our Simons and Trevellyans treat their unhappy voters.

Further, Imperial Federation implies a written constitution, such as England has always avoided; and written constitutions, being difficult to alter, hamper growing nations, as the United States have found more than once this last century. The Canada of today is not the Canada of 1897; the Canada of 1950 will be even more different from the Canada of 1916. We cannot at this day legislate for so far a future; if we did, time and changing circumstance would undo most of our work.

If we construct this proposed federal constitution on a basis of population, then India, which has no Parliament, will outvote the whole Empire and all its Parliaments together; if on a basis of taxation, then the United Kingdom will possess such a financial preponderance that she will determine the taxes which Canada and Australia and South Africa have to pay. That is not a very hopeful basis of union; yet if the proposed new Imperial Parliament has no competence to tax, it will have no sovereign power, and had better remain unborn, since so impotent a creation would

surely be condemned to early death by a practical people.

The Imperial Conference, on the other hand, has grown naturally and spontaneously out of the needs of the Empire, like all our other political institutions; its powers have grown with the Empire, and will grow still further. Its next meeting—which should not be deferred, for obvious reasons, until after the Peace negotiations, since there are questions of conquered territory now being administered by the Dominions to be considered at those negotiations—will show a considerable further advance in its status. India, for example, will not in future tap vicariously at the Council's door in the shape of a carefully-chosen Civil servant who knows Whitehall better perhaps than Calcutta; the Australian representative will speak with the consciousness that its Government has acquitted itself better than the Coalition in dealing with the German metal trust; General Botha's policy of "strike and act" will not lessen his weight in dealing with the chosen representatives of "wait and see". These things, and the memory of the "Emden", sunk by the Australian Fleet, and Canadian gallantry in Flanders, will tell.

But there are other factors to be considered in this contrast between the dream of Imperial Federation and the fact of an already existing Imperial Council. The British Empire contains small as well as large States, and the smaller States have borne their proportionate share of the war; they have shown as fine a patriotism and self-denial as their greater fellows, and have contributed units of men and gifts of money in proportion to their strength. Now I have never heard of any practicable plan by which these smaller colonies could be included in any scheme of federation; their inclusion, indeed, would swell the proposed Imperial Parliament to an impossible size, their representatives would have to attend for long periods during which their interests would be seldom involved, and their intervention in the greater affairs of the Empire would be tacitly resented. Yet to exclude them altogether would be a permanent slight and an occasional real hardship.

It is precisely here that the elastic and still hardly defined constitution of the Imperial Conference shows its superiority. As a rule, its deliberations will be confined to the greater States, but there is no inherent reason whatever why the smaller States should not have the right of being represented—by their chosen representative, *bien entendu*, not by the Colonial Office—when some question arises which touches their immediate interests. When the shipping problems arising out of the Panama Canal are discussed, for example, the West Indies have a clear right to a voice in a debate which must closely affect their commercial future; when the politics of the Pacific Ocean come up, Fiji should be heard as well as Australia. For this all that is necessary is to recognise that the Imperial Conference is an inclusive, not an exclusive, body; and to admit the principle of occasional representation, by which any administrative unit of the Empire can be represented at any meeting of the Council at which that unit desires to have a voice. We may take it for granted that few of the smaller colonies would claim this right to an unreasonable degree, for the attendance of a representative in London entails expense, and the budgets of these little communities are not easily enlarged.

The small as well as the great, then, have a right to be heard in the Imperial Conference. In an Imperial Federal Parliament I am afraid that even the right to be heard would not necessarily evoke a disposition to listen, or to give due weight to the arguments of the smaller units. There is that inevitable difference between a small round-table conference and a large assembly which makes the former listen to argument and the latter to the division-bell. A crowd of politicians is, after all, little better than a disciplined mob—a mob disciplined by the party machine. A crowd of statesmen—if we are to assume that every member elected to the Imperial Federal Parliament would

deserve that high title—would be little better than a disciplined mob of politicians.

Now, whatever may be alleged against the debates of the Imperial Conference, they have been free from party spirit. They have sometimes been timid and often inconclusive; but these qualities are inherent in the modern conception of political life, when politicians follow rather than lead what they believe, frequently wrongly, to be public opinion. (Some day we may perhaps return to the more virile tradition of our ancestors.)

But timidity and its twin-sister, inconclusiveness, admitted, the Imperial Conference has this advantage: that it can discuss questions from all points of view in a cooler atmosphere than prevails in any House of Commons; and matters of defence and trade gain enormously from this quieter presentation of controversial issues.

Defence and trade and their necessary sequel, finance, will remain for many years the chief topics of the Imperial Conference. These matters are urgent; complete constitutional reorganisation of the Empire, which an Imperial Federal Parliament demands, can wait while the Empire continues to grow.

WHAT JAPAN HAS DONE IN THE WAR.

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED E. TURNER.

SUFFICIENT credit is not given to Japan for the services she has rendered in this great war of liberation, fought in order to crush in the bud the foul tyranny that it has sought to impose on the world. If the value of those services is felt, as I am sure it is, it is due to the gallant nation of the Rising Sun to give more expression to the acknowledgment of them. The Japanese are a proud, highly sensitive, intensely brave, and patriotic people; they worship their beautiful country, and take any appreciation of their deeds as reflecting glory on the beloved land which bore them, which, next to the Mikado, they regard as the most precious thing on earth. The reason that what Japan has done in this world-war is not so much brought forward in evidence as it should be is that the country is so remote from even the most eastern theatre of war, and that since the fall of Tsingtau the Japanese have had no opportunity for actual fighting; what they have done has been rather to exercise relentless and inexorable pressure in the Far Eastern seas, which their fleet holds as those of the Allies do in Western waters. Owing to them, not a vessel in the East dare show the hated German flag, and their fleet is a safeguard of the Eastern colonies of the Allies. Side by side with us they captured Tsingtau, and inflicted a terrible blow on the Kaiser, who valued it above all things, and who told the Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, as the latter relates in his memoirs, that the acquisition of it was the greatest achievement in his great career. This possession was obtained by an act of most impudent and audacious fraud as a pretended recompense for the murder of two German missionaries. Millions upon millions have been spent by Germany on the place, and its loss to her is enormous. Japan now holds it, and will, no doubt, do so permanently, as she richly deserves to do.

Again, marines and sailors landed at Singapore and helped to crush the very dangerous rising there, which cost us heavily in loss of life, for success seemed at one period likely to attend German treachery, through which it was intended, by the aid of von Spee's squadron, to seize the Malay Peninsula, Labuan, British North Borneo—to which latter place von Spee had shortly before the war paid a friendly (?) visit, no doubt for the purpose of prospecting. Another very great service rendered to us by the Japanese was when her mighty warships escorted the troopships bearing our Australian and New Zealand forces to Egypt and France, and relieved our Navy of a tremendous responsibility.

The greatest service of all, no doubt, has been what Japan has done, and is now doing, for her whilom enemy and now fast friend, Russia. Mutual respect

and admiration acquired in the war has brought these two great countries very close to one another. The Russian Army, owing to the destruction of their great arsenal, due to treachery produced by German bribes, had, in consequence of the resulting failure in munitions—after its wonderful advance against Germans and Austrians—to retire before Hindenburg, and lose Poland. Ever since then, Japan has been incessantly supplying Russia by way of the Siberian railroad with guns, rifles, and ammunition, so that our great Ally is again obtaining the upper hand. Japan has thus in no small degree contributed to the all but miraculous success in Armenia, and especially to the capture of Erzerum, which Germans and Turks thought outside the range of possibility, and which has inflicted a sore blow that must have great influence in the war, East and West. Thus the services of Japan to the cause of right and to her Allies cannot be overrated: the spirit of her people is magnificent; like France and Russia, she is united absolutely and determined that the brutal and arrogant German bully shall be laid low; and, like them, she is free from half fighters, religious objectors, pro-Germans, *et hoc genus omne*, which appear to be only home products.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

SKETCHES FROM THE FRONT—II.

THE GAME OF THE SHELLS.

By A SERGEANT IN KITCHENER'S.

I AM just now at a dressing station conveniently situated between several batteries. Sometimes the Germans search for these batteries, so all houses here are complete with kitchen, offices and dug-outs. When new soldiers rush distractedly into their dug-outs the French women and girls laugh at them, and do not so much as trouble to call the children in from the fields. A few days ago the shells came within a hundred yards and hit a house near here. Madame left her kitchen when the house was thus hit, but in half an hour she returned and went on with her ironing.

By the way, why are you so afraid of Zepps at home? The game of wondering where the next shell will drop is an exciting one—especially as you can hear one coming for an appreciable time. An amusing thing happened two mornings ago. I was having a bath in a tub when the anti-aircraft guns all round opened fire. This often happens, and means nothing in particular; but, being without clothes, I glanced timidly up, and saw with some alarm that the aeroplane and the puffs of shrapnel were apparently vertically over me and my tub.

In the trenches here we have two main kinds of regiments. I may not tell the SATURDAY their names, but I will tell what each says when a shell comes over—then perhaps you may guess. In the one a man will not trouble to stop his conversation except for an interjection thus: "There's another of your whores of Babylon. . . . I'm no from London mysen, but I've heard tell on't".

In the other the men get excited, and all heads pop over the parapet.

"Look at that bastard, be Jaysus—jist look at um!"

I spent last night on duty at a famous wrecked village. The church outer walls stood. Bells and belfry were a heap of crumbs, and the churchyard had its vaults opened by shells, and shell holes revealed coffins everywhere. Whole roofs and gable ends lay about. Evening primroses and larkspur in summer grew around and made little dells of the older shell holes. A tall Calvary stood untouched at the end of the churchyard, with a tiled roof at its foot. Our guns had done most of this. Near by is an orchard where the Canadians made a famous charge. All through the village the houses are like the church. I cannot but wonder who will have the courage to build here again.

At night the willows rustle softly; the wild cats go about their business; the star shells will go up, and a sniper will break the silence. You may stumble over

a sewing-machine in the road. . . . Utter desolation over a large tract of country prevails: a criminal might be concealed here for months and none disturb him, save an occasional sniper.

But the spirit of comedy can steel the acute mind. One does not listen at night for ancestral voices, but rather for the lice doing physical exercises on our spiral spring mattresses where brave men have been known to spend a whole night.

I am rather disappointed with the men's songs lately. Their latest popular chorus is distinctly personal:—

"When the sergeants drink your rum, never mind,
When the sergeants drink your rum, never mind:
They're entitled to their tot,
But they drink the blooming lot—
Only wait a little until Peace is signed!"

When the chorus is sung to a dirge-like tune we consider it is quite a gratuitous and fictitious grievance.

Those who abominate smells could not be happy in the precincts of the hospital. The people of this land put statues of saints over their wells to protect them from pest; but, as they dig cesspools alongside, their prayers are not always answered. Except for the drains, we are very romantic here. A charming convent has been turned into a hospital, containing general ward, isolation ward, and casualty and receiving ward. Little grass courts and an orchard divide the different buildings, and vines grow in the bath-house. Madonnas and saints and holy pictures are everywhere. The little town stands round a market square, in the centre of which is a large church; the houses are small, but architectural. A tiny canal passes through the town, and some of the houses have gardens beside it and a little bridge over it. At 7.30 in the evening a very fat priest comes out of his garden across the bridge and the market square to the church. You know those pictures in the National Gallery of interiors of old Flemish churches, usually white-washed and coloured richly by the sun through stained windows; this church, though new, contrives to get something of the same effect, which I am convinced is the true mediæval.

I am at present sergeant in the casualty and receiving ward. The medical patients are usually suffering from homely ailments, and are treated with homely remedies. This morning a motor-transport sergeant was ordered "ol. ric. 1 oz."—alias castor oil; but he turned to the officer and pleaded that castor oil had all his life been a bitter bane to him. He was dismissed, therefore, with three little tablets of calomel, swallowed with water. He did not recognise these, and imagined that he had something balmy and soothing inside him!

This evening I was in the church and heard a great hammering in the organ. I went up a turret into the organ gallery, where some of our fellows were looking on at somebody in the depths of the organ. This person, also in khaki, was muttering and hammering with great violence. I looked on for a bit and then said aloud I hoped the person knew something about organs.

He stopped and looked through the pipes at me, and suddenly a volley of oaths were hurled at me: "There's the beggar," said he, "who gave me those—(adjective)—little tablets this morning. I didn't want a purge; I didn't want anything of the sort", etc., etc., followed by nasty comments on army medicine. I was so surprised at this attack—this ambush in an organ—that I said not a word, but stood humbly with bowed head.

His rage passed off presently, and, as I continued to remain, he told me that he was a motor driver, but his "obby" was mending organs; that this organ had not been used for ten years, and he was mending it in his spare time; that he hoped to get a whole afternoon at it to-morrow, and finally (as I was leaving) that if I returned at six o'clock next evening he would play.

These motor transport men are wonderful fellows!

They have started a moving picture show here of their own and an orchestra of three instruments.

Yesterday I went a jolly walk alone, my "objective" being a whispering aisle of poplars, a nice stream for bathing in summer, and a grass path. We had passed here on a march one morning, and the woods and the solitude had taken my fancy. I found the place and penetrated some way into the woods and reeds; the place was a large marsh dried in places by groves of trees and inhabited by water-fowl. I met a very old man tying up reeds into sheaves. I went a little farther and found a tiny wooden house, about 5 ft. high, in which sat a chasseur with his two dogs. He came out, and I felt somewhat taken aback. He had only one eye, but that was a speaking one. He wore blue knickers and brown puttees, a sportsman's tweed cap and a rakish cape. I thought at first he might be a lurking spy, but was soon reassured. He insisted on my coming inside and drinking tea he had just made. In return I gave him some tobacco.

Afterwards he showed me a secret path through the marsh. His pointer, a fine dog, and his little spaniel followed us. At times he brought out a little rifle from a case and took shots at magpies or pigeons sitting on the trees. He explained that he shot wild duck that way sitting on the water. His rifle, he said, was "une carabine automatique", and could shoot eleven shots rapidly, like a revolver. He was not talkative, but interesting on trees and agricultural and practical things. He strode quiet and courteous at my side, and insisted on my coming home to have some more tea before going. Arriving at his house, he turned out to be the tax-collector—an ex-artilleryman. He had an office on one side and a nice little kitchen the other. His tea consisted of a refreshing change—Scotch whisky, of which he gave me two stiff glasses. He showed me his little garden and his fowls, and then I had to leave and return to camp. I have promised him some tea-tablets for his little house in the woods.

RAEMAEEKERS'S CARTOONS.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

AN announcement of Mr. Charles Sims's promotion to full membership of the Royal Academy concluded with the detraction that his work is "literary" rather than truly pictorial. Such criticism takes one back some years to the time when the words literary and anecdotal were freely applied as conclusive arguments. A sort of magic virtue was credited to these labels; they seemed to solve all problems and effectually settle the hash of pictures to which they were affixed. But now our estimate of their efficacy and sense needs revision, or at least closer scrutiny.

What we wished to convey was that if a picture depended for its full meaning on some idea or allusion derived from a source outside the pure design, or tone or colour of the painted surface, therefore it was vitiated. If in order to grasp the significance of a picture we had to relate it to some story already known to us through books, or to explain it by reference to a mental concept rather than a purely visual emotion, then it ranked only as second-rate art. For example, Leslie's "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman", or a picture of a forlorn lady weeping against a tree on which is carved a true lover's knot, came to be considered poor art. The reason given was that they relied on literary ideas and were nothing better than illustrated anecdotes.

A cartoonist is specially exposed to this objection. In the ordinary way his effect essentially depends on topical allusion. Unless the spectator comes equipped with clues and keys to their social or political meaning, cartoons fail of most of their intention. This is true to some extent even of Goya and Daumier. It follows, then, that unless the subject matter of satirical art is universal in its appeal or the cartoonist happens to express something of that kind in his treatment of even quite parochial affairs his interest will be

ephemeral. On the other hand it is incontestable that the failure of so-called anecdotal art is not determined by the fact that it illustrates a story. The greatest art known to us has depended for its full significance on some idea over and above the sculptural or pictorial. And rightly so, for life is not for art, but art for life. The only thing that really matters is that, whatever story or popular idea is interpreted by illustration, the artist shall have seen in it some profound truth of universal human significance.

Raemaekers's war cartoons are chiefly important because they materialise a very prevalent idea. Rightly or wrongly, the reasoned opinion of most of the world as to the real nature, the psychic constitution of the nation that methodically organised this war is most unflattering. And in so far as the Germans have assured for themselves a classic reputation and proverbial notoriety, the subject-matter of Raemaekers's cartoons may be considered universal in its message. That a neutral should have conceived and materialised what the belligerent Allies recognise as the most expressive interpretation of their presumably more subjective estimate of the German soul is interesting. It is certainly hard to think of any type more gross and low and cunning than Raemaekers's Germany. Most of what one had felt about the Germans, since the days of the Belgian atrocities down to "Oh, my heroic Serbians", suddenly in all its richness takes form as Raemaekers's "Gott mit uns", his "Now you can bring me the American protest", or his Bernhardt, with his butcher's crimsoned hands, bull neck, and vulgar cunning.

Passionate and vitriolic hatred of the beastliness, the bullying and calculated cruelty of Prussianism struck out this image of the "Mofs". Our cartoonists have not, I think, experienced the same quality of repulsion, sustainedly fine as their war work has been. Nor, again, have they realised the Kaiser or Crown Prince with half the intimacy and subtlety of Raemaekers. In the Dutchman's conception of William II. there is a wider comprehension; he remorselessly pillories him as gloating with maniacal slyness and ferocity over Miss Cavell; he sees him as a poseur and an absurdity. But beyond this he is conscious of the tragic failure and impending doom of one whose unbalanced ambitions and responsibility are topped only by disillusionment and apprehensions. In this vein, "The Awakening" ("I dreamt that the whole thing was not true") is one of the most perceptive drawings in the exhibition. The Crown Prince, on the other hand, does not strike Raemaekers in any pathetic light, unless it be on the score of his deluded fatuity and weakness. But he realises him as a living personality far more actually than do our cartoonists. This quality of sympathy (used in the wider sense) gives Raemaekers's cartoons a higher and more lasting standing than that of ordinary topical illustrations; for, while they most effectively make their political points, they go further and reveal humanity.

In these days, when the successful prosecution of the war absorbs us so that the purifying value of art seems trivial and idle, only the art of those whose theme is our obsession can hold the general mind. Here, then, is the opportunity of the cartoonist who, in proportion to his mental calibre, expresses the thought of his time. The obvious and flippant mind gives shape to the cheap wit of the schoolboy; at the other end of the line we have a thinker like Raemaekers, who has the power of lucidly and trenchantly uttering what others, equally thoughtful in their way, can feel but formlessly. Some people have the gift of directing events and handling men, some the genius that crystallises thought, giving it enduring accessibility in a uniquely comprehensive form. From time to time the quality of the subject matter of men's thoughts varies. But all that we can fairly demand from any artist is that he should express the most perceptive thought concerning his chosen theme. Whether he has to rely on "literary" ideas or non-pictorial allusions seems to be quite unimportant, provided that his thought and his interpretation are quick and penetrating.

HOLBROOKE AND MLYNARSKI.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

READERS need not be reminded of the frequency of Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's denunciations of the critics. Amongst our lighter offences are the neglect of his concerts. The serious crimes are so terrible that he merely hints at them by groups of marks of exclamation. Once a week, for years past, he has ridden forth to destroy us; and when we were destroyed—well, we were destroyed, and had to wait another week to be destroyed again. The last attack on me is of a different but equally characteristic fashion. On Thursday I received two letters from friends of his asking me to hear "The Pickwick Club", a humoresque for string quartet. Neither invitation betrayed the place nor the hour where the deed would be done. Now I put it to the reader: Is not such procedure possibly what prevents critics hearing his works? If we don't know until the last moment, or after the last moment, when a new work is to be given, how can we make arrangements to hear it? After all, even critics have their own lives to lead, and cannot sit in an office awaiting a telephone message to the effect that Mr. Smith's latest work of genius will be performed in a quarter of an hour's time at the X. hall. Mr. Holbrooke should note that his Belgian, French, and Russian confrères do not allow the grass to grow under their feet in this way. If a new Belgian composition is to be produced I am smothered in notices weeks beforehand. And, finally, I suggest that Mr. Holbrooke would find less to complain about if only he would treat the critics as men as fully occupied as himself.

It would have been interesting to hear "The Pickwick Club", if only because of the fact that, after Sir Charles Stanford's and Miss Ethel Smyth's essays in the art of being funny in music, one would like to hear what Holbrooke made of so very unpromising a subject. To touch it at all was, I am convinced, a mistake. If the music sounds well, so much the better; but if it sounds funny I swear the fun is not the fun of the true "Pickwick". None of the masterpieces of English fun lend themselves to musical handling. What on earth has the corpulent macaroni-gulping monster of Verdi's opera to do with Shakespeare's Falstaff, the immortal personality of the "Henry's"? Mr. Holbrooke's programme is not encouraging. The principal and dominating theme is, it appears, the "Dignity of Pickwick", a statement which takes one's breath away and makes one wonder how long it is since Mr. Holbrooke read "Pickwick". The various scenes supposed to be depicted are far removed from the spirit of the genuine "Pickwick": scenes of practical joking from "Verdant Green" would serve as well and have as much to do with Dickens. I go in fear of serious persons who are convinced they are humorous. There are some men whose carriage is habitually solemn, or, as Boswell remarked of Sam Johnson, "awful". When such people do unbend the results of their facetiousness are invariably disastrous. The most cheerful gatherings are set by the ears and life-long friendships broken. After reading through the authorised programme of the new work I tremble for the result. I don't know what he has done: I know what he has tried to do. That suffices.

It was, let me confess, a pleasant change to be able to go to a concert on Monday evening unworried by thoughts of impending humour. The London Symphony orchestra offered a fine old respectable, nearly stale, programme with Mlynarski as conductor; and I gladly hastened to Queen's Hall to hear an overture of old Bach, Schubert's "Unfinished", and Tchaikowsky's fourth symphony. The last I did not wait for—I was one of many driven out of the hall before its turn came; but of that presently. Mlynarski is, of course, a thoroughly competent conductor: a fine musician, he knows precisely what he wants, and with his unobtrusive mastery over the band he knows precisely how to get it, and he never fails. He has a curious mannerism which bothers, at first, one who is both listening and watching him. In four-time, after the down-beat in each bar he gives a beat not to the

left but to the right, so that a player rushing into the orchestra at the last moment would naturally conclude the time to be three-four and there might be some confusion. I mention the matter because there seems to be a growing craze amongst conductors, as amongst singers and players, to aim at becoming different from one another rather than better. We have Safonoff who discards the stick altogether, and long ago Siegfried Wagner, failing to achieve distinction in the ordinary way, abruptly began to use the left arm, which made people talk. It is to be hoped such tricks will not become common. The right hand and the ordinary way of beating the measure have served the greatest conductors we have yet heard; and, moreover, no change that has yet been tried or suggested is a change for the better. The Symphony orchestra evidently understood Mlynarski quite well, and the mighty Bach overture came off superbly, the lovely passages for oboe and bassoon being given with a perfection of phrasing and accent beyond all praise. No conductor can do much that is new with the "Unfinished" except spoil it—and that is not very new—and Mlynarski was mainly content with a smooth and sufficiently poetic rendering. He occasionally put plenty of force into it, but Schubert's music remains ultra-modern in this: that it will stand an orchestra Schubert never dreamed of and a degree of noise that might have shocked him, and sound, indeed, all the better. Compare the "Unfinished" with, say, some of Papa Haydn's London symphonies, composed only a little over twenty years previously. When Safonoff tried to Beethovenise a little Haydn work a few weeks ago he tore it to tatters and ruined it. At times I thought Mlynarski was trying to Wagnerise Schubert; but, while he never went far, the result of so much as he did was to strengthen and increase the beauty of the music. The Symphony orchestra is not giving novelties this season, but it made an exception in favour of Mr. Arthur de Greef's "treatments" for orchestra of four little Flemish folksongs. I was curious to hear whether he succeeded any better than Miss Smyth did with our national tunes. But the academically trained are the same all the world over. In the first of his pieces Mr. de Greef contrives a series of the most beggarly orchestral effects set down since Donizetti wrote the accompaniments to his own operas. Moreover, he takes a harmless wild flower of folksong and twists it into patterns unlike anything found in nature and hands it to us as the genuine thing, as "improved" by a Brussels professor, of course. The second movement is skittish and not badly done in the manner of our better music-hall composers. The third is a pointless mauling of a pathetic little tune. The fourth is vigorous, with more than a suggestion of our sea-songs about it. The whole thing is not an art achievement worth mentioning; but the two lively movements are agreeable. There was an amount of handshaking and bowing after the performance that might have suggested that Mr. de Greef had given the world another Ninth symphony, and when an encore seemed imminent I fled.

BROTHERS.

GIVE me your hand, my brother; search my face;
Look in these eyes lest I should think of shame;
For we have made an end of all things base;
We are returning by the road we came.

Your lot is with the ghosts of soldiers dead,
And I am with the fighters in the field;
But in the gloom I see your laurell'd head,
And through your victory mine shall be revealed.

S. S.

British Expeditionary Force,
France, 19 February 1916.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REPRISALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Windlesham,
Crowborough, Sussex,

21 February 1916.

SIR,—I am entirely in accord with the SATURDAY REVIEW in its policy that reprisals should be threatened and, if necessary, instituted against German cities as a preventive to the hostile air raids. Critics of this measure may well be adjured to live up to their own maxim and to "play the game". It is not playing the game to mis-state a case because you happen to disagree with it. The worthy Bishops, Lord Buckmaster, Colonel Jackson, and other opponents of the measure have all insisted that its object is to kill women and children. This is nonsense. The object is to prevent women and children being killed. We have now had some thirty odd raids on England, and many hundreds of civilians have been killed. No method has been found of stopping it. It is my belief that if, after the first raid, we had solemnly protested to the whole world against so inhuman a form of warfare and given due notice that, much as we loathed it, we should be compelled in self-protection to use the same means, we might never have had a second. Thus very many of our women and children would have been saved. Even now it is not too late, for raids on a larger scale will come if we give the Germans the idea that we cannot hit back. Our restraint is, of course, ascribed by them to inability, for they could not conceive of the existence of people who, having the power to hit out in the defence of their own civilians, would refrain on account of a kind of inverted muddle-headed chivalry from doing so.

Again, we have never suggested that civilians should in any case be our mark. The proposal is that we attack Cologne, Coblenz, and the other Rhine towns, most of which are actual fortresses and all of them places on the lines of communications with railways and bridges of strategic importance. If, however, in these military operations civilians get hurt, the Germans will realise what we feel and will probably reconsider their murderous tactics. If for want of taking so obvious a precaution the raids continue, and our civilians suffer, I consider that a direct responsibility rests on all those who have discouraged our adopting the only course which seems likely to influence the enemy.

The argument that the aeroplanes are needed elsewhere will not bear examination. We have great numbers of planes for home defence. The best defence is a strong attack, and some at least of these planes could be used.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Moor Park, Rickmansworth,
26 February 1916.

SIR,—The objectors to retribution for air raids inflicted on this country, whose letters keep cropping up in the Press, are nearly as trying to the temper and the nerves as the raiders themselves. Surely one consideration, and one alone, should govern the situation. German war literature definitely lays down that the only limitation to "frightfulness" consistent with loyalty to the All-Highest is the fear of reprisals. Hence if we can convince the German that if he continue his practice of scattering bombs broadcast without any regard to military objects but with serious risk to life and limb of non-combatants in this country the same treatment will be meted out to him; obedience to the only gospel he recognises may, and probably will, induce him to leave our countrysides and purely commercial districts unmolested.

It can be nothing but ignorance of this circumstance which prompts English men and women to discounten-

ance retaliation, unless, indeed, there are amongst us people who regard a few Germans as of less importance than many English lives, which God forbid!

Yours faithfully,
EBURY.

FRANCE AND THE MILITARY SERVICE ACT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Paris,

9 February 1916.

SIR,—I am afraid there must have been surprise and even disappointment in England at the way in which the French public seems to have received the news of the passing of the Military Service Bill. I am fully aware that the consideration which has apparently been given here to this event is far from being commensurate with its importance in the history of the present war and in British history.

Yet French opinion has shown so much interest and frequently so much admiration for the tremendous efforts kept up in England towards the creation of a national army that indifference is unthinkable, and there must be a lack of comprehension somewhere, perhaps on both sides.

The fact is that the French have failed to grasp the significance of the Bill which became law last week for two principal reasons. In the first place they followed the working of the recruiting system—not only during the last few months, when everybody was intent on Lord Derby's scheme, but since the beginning of the war—with an increasing consciousness that Great Britain and her Colonies were setting an unparalleled example of patriotism. I remember numberless conversations and numberless newspaper articles in which the respect felt by the French for what many of them regarded as pure idealism was unreservedly expressed. In the last three or four months, even before Lord Derby's experiments, it was repeated so often that Great Britain could now arm between three and four million men that the interest in English conscription began to flag, because conscription appeared unnecessary, and voluntarism seemed on the whole an extraordinary success. What happened later on became a matter of comparative indifference, especially for the second reason which I wanted to point out. This is the piecemeal manner—disconcerting to outsiders—in which the measure was introduced and passed, and the reservations with which it is accompanied. There are too many married men and widowers in the French Army for the French public not to be puzzled by a military law exempting them. In fact, general admiration went to the success of Lord Kitchener in the recruiting of his armies, but the historic significance of conscription as a victory over British individualism appeals only to the cultivated *élite*. To the man in the street the arming of the nation in an emergency like the present is a matter of course, and does not impress him more than a city clerk might be by the announcement that the French are going to give the municipal franchise to their women or absolute freedom in willing their property to fathers of a family. Papers like "Le Temps" or "Les Débats" naturally pointed out the "philosophy" of the Bill, but I doubt whether "Le Matin" did.

Yet I am anxious to make it known that a considerable effort in that direction was made by the Ministry of Public Education. Instructions signed by that very intelligent and liberal man, M. Liard, were sent to all the schools immediately after the passing of the Bill, requiring professors to explain its import to their classes and to emphasize the difficulties it had to encounter, giving the English notions on militarism. To what extent the explanations given to boys and girls went back to their parents I cannot ascertain. In my opinion the deepest impression left upon French minds will remain the sympathy and admiration felt when England took the field with her small army and immediately set to work about enlarging it twenty-fold or more.

The consideration of conscription as a tapping of man energy for a future which may be long does not strike the French, although they see their boys of seventeen daily drilled in school yards; but the idea that Great Britain possesses a splendid reserve of men who do not feel the numbing of trench work upon them and who will be invaluable in a few weeks is one to which they will revert constantly and enthusiastically.

I am, etc.,

ERNEST DIMNET.

THE QUALITIES OF KULTUR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25, Gledhow Gardens, S.W.,

19 February 1916.

SIR,—My distinguished friend General Sir Alfred Turner asks in your number of to-day whether such unspeakable barbarities as those substantiated in Lord Bryce's report have ever been committed by an army in warfare, either modern or ancient.

I think I can oblige him: the answer is in the affirmative. The only difficulty consists in the *l'embarras du choix*. To go no farther back than the Thirty Years' War, the famous writer and historian of German Kultur, Johannes Scherr (Professor of History at Zurich, 1860-1886), cites the following as incidental of that terrible cataclysm, many characteristics of which are being ominously brought home to us more and more:

"Franz Christoph von Khevenhüller, a recognised contemporary authority, relates in his 'Annales Ferdinandei', that during the years 1636-37 famine reached such a terrible pitch in many German provinces, particularly in Saxony, Hesse and Alsace, that, in order to satisfy their hunger, people used to take down the corpses from the gallows and open the fresh graves in search of human flesh. Brothers devoured their dead sisters, daughters their mothers, yes, parents did away with their children in order to eat them. Regular gangs sprang up which hunted after human beings as if they were wild beasts. On one occasion in the neighbourhood of Worms, the authorities came upon such a hunting party gathered round a hot cauldron. Human arms, hands, and legs were found among the *débris* of the cooking utensils.

"Inexpressible were the horrors endured by the female sex in this barbaric war. It was quite a common occurrence among the soldatesca of those days, after the storming of towns or other inhabited places, for immature girls to be ravished until death released them (*zu Tode zu schänden*)."

This happened less than three hundred years ago, and in view of the comparative immutability of the character of any race—even in the course of several centuries—these occurrences are not without interest to-day, when we have been introduced from on high to a gospel which tells us to our faces that "*Not kennt kein Gebot*"—"Necessity knows no law, i.e., hallows the violation of every law and every morality". Indeed, there would seem to be only one form of villainy which, as far as we know, this war has not yet translated into practice—namely, the systematic forgery of the currency of an enemy. It is well authenticated that Frederick the Great, in his "necessities", resorted to the coining of base money, popularly known as "Ephraimites", after the Jewish firm Ephraïm, Itzig and Co., whom the King entrusted with the "smashing" job. But Napoleon entered Russia in 1812 with a hundred million forged Russian rouble notes, with which he paid the way of his army and bribed Russian officials ("Napoleon I. en Russie", Vassili Verestchagin, Paris, Librairie Nilsson 1897, page 225).

Yours faithfully,

SIDNEY WHITMAN.

* Cited by Johannes Scherr, "Geschichte der Deutschen Frauenwelt", vol. ii., p. 157-8. Leipzig, 1897.

BACK TO THE LAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gray Rigg, Lilliput, Dorset.

SIR,—I am glad you raised a protest against too ambitious land schemes for disabled soldiers. There will always be dreamers (and, I fear, also schemers, who seek for glory, if not profit) ready to rush in, but we must remember (1) it is hard work; (2) nine out of ten men have no taste for it; (3) that it is work in gardens that most people who wish to help those who suffered for us will have to offer. No one can be more anxious than I am to see people back on the land, or to help the disabled soldiers who have so bravely come forward to help their country, in spite of years of Radical misgovernment and the pernicious pratings of "Daily News" and "Westminster". The nation must insist that the State provides sufficiently to give them a fair chance in life, enough to ensure their living in reasonable comfort, and yet not enough to encourage idleness (in which alone is perpetual despair), unless *totally* disabled.

But the State must not embark on Utopian schemes, which may only waste money, or under Mr. George's "vote-catching" taxation few people nowadays can afford to keep up their disbursements for charities, and the State will have to bear all the more burdens.

We may be sure the railways will do all they can for disabled soldiers, and there should be preference given to men who have lost an arm as postmen, those who have lost a leg as sorters; and it is to be hoped especially in our board schools.

Our "education" is not only the worst in the world, but the most expensive, and what we need is not "stuffing" children with dates, but teaching them their duties! The schoolmaster should be scout-master also!

Yours truly,

HAROLD SOAMES.

THE "KING STEPHEN".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

118, Freeman Street, Grimsby,

20 February 1916.

SIR,—In your issue of 12 February you make reference to the famous Skipper Martin, of Grimsby steam trawler "King Stephen", and I notice you quite approve of his wise conduct. Martin is well known to me, and I have photographed him and his wife and three of his five children at his home here, and send you (enclosed) a copy of the group. The table shown is covered with batches of approving letters from distinguished people residing in various parts of the kingdom, continent, etc. I may say that last week the skipper visited Birmingham, and while he was there I received a nice letter from the Lord Mayor of that city informing me that he would be glad to see Martin at the Council House if he could call, and I sent the message on to the skipper.

In meeting with the Zepp. the skipper was, of course, placed in a critical position, but seems to have acted most discreetly. He was responsible for his ship to the owners; he was responsible for the fishermen in his care; he had his life and his wife and young family to consider. He has a son (eighteen) in the Navy. Even if he could have passed his boat to the murderers, how would he have been fixed if a little later he had encountered a German submarine and his little craft had been destroyed, like so many other Grimsby trawlers? His boat gone, all hope would have vanished.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM H. MARRIS

(Marine artist to "G.C.R. Journal").

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

141, Inverness Terrace, London, W.,

12 February 1916.

SIR,—“Fair play is a jewel”, and it is a pity to see that the SATURDAY REVIEW ignores the fact. Re the paragraph

about the “King Stephen”, one might say, firstly, that the captain of that boat might have taken off the thirty “ruffians” a few at a time, and securely pinioned them, thereby showing humanity and securing the safety of his boat at the same time. Also the thirty “ruffians” were obeying orders. . . .

Also, why all this silly talk about “reprisals” for the Zepp. raids? There is no question of “reprisals”. Here is the question accurately stated: The Germans do not allow the fact of the certainty of killing a number of non-combatants to prevent them from reaping the benefits of certain justifiable attacks on towns containing ammunition factories. If we raid their towns, which we are entitled to do, provided there are ammunition factories to be blown up, it is not “reprisals”.

It is a justifiable military operation, and what we have to decide is whether we are not to bother about the non-combatants—as the Germans do. Humbug everywhere, that is the order of the day—even in the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Yours truly,

G. A. ASHTON.

[This letter is referred to in “Notes of the Week”.]

THE CASE OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your sympathetic article on Ireland in last issue was just, fair-minded, and reasonable. Ireland at heart is sound. She is loyal, and the Irish people have and are prepared to do their part as co-partners in the Empire. The number that spontaneously already have joined the Army and formed the three splendid Divisions (comprising 52 battalions) that in a night, as it were, sprang to arms, apart and distinct from the thousands who joined the ordinary regiments and enlisted in Scotland and England and in Canada and Australia, prove what Irish valour and Irish loyalty have done and are prepared to do for the defence of the country. But there are, unhappily, a lot of disturbing elements in the country which need very careful and cautious management, and which have been already allowed to go too far in their course of dissension. They are mostly individuals—some of them actual holders of offices under the State directly or indirectly—many of them the sons of Civil Servants! They may be compendiously catalogued as Sein Feiners—a crowd that now brings into its camp every crank and craven in the country. They play at safe nationalism and pose as the custodians of the national conscience. It is a rôle that suits a coward with a certain cautious cunning. But the worst of such mischief-makers is that, while individually contemptible, they are being enabled by the toleration extended to them to do a lot of stupid mischief by influencing the weak-minded and feeble-souled creatures that are to be found here in every community. Ireland is at present over sick with the products of its myriad Universities, and the student with a little learning and wrong political training is always in time of trouble a danger. He was the mischief-maker in Paris in the old days. Too conceited to do honest work he loafs about doing mischief, doing all he can to upset men's minds. The student is abundantly abroad to-day in Ireland, and he is largely among the pro-German crowd. We have him in Dublin, in Cork, and in Galway. Then the Government is singularly weak in dealing with the *real* makers of mischief. Pestiferous prints are allowed to be printed, and newsagents are permitted to expose in the most public places their large-lettered placards containing the most treasonable and seditious headlines. The police seem powerless. A discreet intimation to the purveyors of such treason that they will be dealt with severely and summarily would soon stop *that* mischief. These newspapers are undoubtedly supported and kept alive by German money, and we know that the Press is one of their chief instruments of mischief in hostile and neutral countries. Why such pestilential stuff should be tolerated in Ireland where there are so many elements of individual trouble abroad and about is incomprehensible. There is sore need of a strong hand.

Yours truly,

A NATIONALIST.

THE NATIONS OF EUROPE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24, Coram Street, W.C.

SIR,—In scores of papers of different nationalities I find ten times as many lies. Everyone says his people is the best, the most cultured, should govern its neighbours, the World. . . . I will try, from my practical experience, to tell where the truth is, without seeking to praise my own well-known people.

There are different civilisations in the world, acting on different initiatives and devices. Some are true, and some wear only a mask. There are very good civilisations, as, for instance, the Scandinavian and the French, but I regret that they are not active. Four other active civilisations, pretending to govern the world, are the following, their motives being :—

Russian : Help him and keep him in the dark.

English : Give him light and make him pay for it.

American : Help yourself !

German : Kill him !

However, the most superior is the English civilisation, as it gives me light, which I am in need of every moment. True enough, it makes me pay for it, nothing being given for nothing.

With regard to the Russian civilisation, we can say it has a good heart, as it helps the sufferer. It does not let the blind fall in a ditch, but it does not give light to the people who have eyes to see, under the good excuse that the people it is in contact with have not yet eyes developed enough to look at a strong light. Russian civilisation is good-natured, but still is in deep slumber. There is, however, every reason to hope it will soon awaken, will need the light and give it freely.

As for the German culture, we cannot expect anything better ; a killer can only be—worse !

The last-mentioned being the worst of all and, like Anti-Christ, the greatest enemy of the most perfect good, the smaller nations should be warned whom to follow.

Those who give big promises are never good people, but catch the fools in their snare. Turkey and Bulgaria are sufficiently strong against their present enemies, but they are being devoured by their allurer. The other weak nations are standing in the same danger.

A Serbian proverb says : " The vulture took the child, and the bear is blamed for it." It was the Prussian, and not Russian, policy to ruin Poland, for the Russians never had any policy. Anyhow, the Poles exist in Russia to-day, while in Germany they are almost disappearing, being forced by the law to leave their homes. The Danes in Germany and the French Alsatians have also diminished, even the Jews are being Germanised. After all, the cradle of anti-Semitism was Germany, and Russia is blamed for it, whereas England is their best refuge.

Russia either raised or helped to freedom several nations : Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Serbia, Montenegro. The independence of Greece is a deed of Russia, aided by England and France, whereas the Greek disaster in the Greco-Turkish War in 1897 may be considered a German deed ; the Generalissimo of the Turkish Army was a German—Edhem Pasha.

There is no nation which has disappeared under English rule, and England not only helped the weak, but she gave rise to new nations : Americans, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans. The Germans, on the contrary, ruined all weak neighbouring nations : Poles, Danes, French Alsatians, Belgians, Serbians.

An American proverb says, " Let the better man win," which is a good motto for the American civilisation and the famous " U.S. neutrality," but a right man will never remain neutral between right and wrong, and only " *Help the better man to win* " is just and human.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

T. DIMITRIEVICH,

Contributor of the Royal Serb Academy.

SHAKESPEARE'S DEATH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

89, Montpelier Road, Brighton,

23 February 1916.

SIR,—There is a scheme to commemorate the Tercentenary of Shakespeare's death on 3 May, which is assumed to correspond in New Style to the 23 April Old Style. It may be well to point out at once that the corresponding date is not 3 May, but 6 May. Eleven days were dropped when the New Style was adopted in 1752 ; another in 1800, and another in 1900. Old Christmas Day is now 7 January, and old St. George's Day, which is also Shakespeare Day, is 6 May.

Yours, etc.,

H. DAVEY.

SOME ERRORS OF MACAULAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Urquhart says that " no reply was ever made by Macaulay to Mr. Paget's indictment ". Perhaps the reason of this is that Macaulay died two years before the " indictment " was published.

Yours, etc.,

G. W. E. R.

**. We have received several other letters making the same correction.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

82, Elm Park Gardens.

SIR,—An appreciative letter from an unknown correspondent reminds me of an omission I made in my last week's letter. I stated that Macaulay never attempted a reply to Paget's strictures. He died in 1859, and the date of Paget's publication is 1861. But in his Dedication to Sir John McNeill, Paget states that all but one (that on Dundee) of his Essays were published in Macaulay's lifetime and of course must have been known to him. I have an idea that there is a reference to Paget in a letter of Macaulay's to be found in Trevelyan's " Life and Correspondence of Lord Macaulay," but have not got the work at hand to refer to. At all events, he never attempted to reply to Paget's charges, no doubt justly concluding that his own History would be a lasting memorial long after Paget's rejoinder would be buried in oblivion.

Yours, etc.,

E. W. URQUHART.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Of course Macaulay made occasional slips, like every other historian from Herodotus downwards ; but, though often biassed and sometimes prejudiced, he never, I believe, ran the risk of being inaccurate, as Hume did in his " History " through indolence in turning up authorities. If he nods at times, so did Shakespeare and Homer before him.

Yours obediently,

HISTORICUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30, Somerset Road, Handsworth.

SIR,—Lord Acton's vehement bias against Macaulay is well known, yet he was not blind to his conspicuous merits. In one of his published letters he says : " Let me remind you of Macaulay. He remains to me one of the greatest of all writers and masters, although I think him utterly base, contemptible, and odious for certain reasons which you know." But a partisan of John Wilson Croker is on dangerous ground when he talks of Macaulay's " unscrupulousness " !

Yours, etc.,

W. F. HOWARD.

REVIEWS.

A VIVID WAR BOOK.

"Vive La France!" By E. Alexander Powell. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

[Published this week.]

WE prefer—as a rule, exceedingly prefer—the story of the war front and the story of the fight as these are told by the man who is completely of them; and this preference would exist just the same if Forbes or Charles Williams were living and writing of the war to-day. For one thing, it is hard to get away altogether from a certain suspicion, or say a suggestion, of the wide-awake tourist "doing" and "writing up" the affair when the outsider is war corresponding. It does not matter how skilfully he does it, or how highly trained an eye and mind he brings to the work; it does not matter though he is a born stylist, something even of a Meredith in the exquisite choice of word and phrasing—the suggestion all the same persists now of the tourist, now of the showman. The thing is inevitable: there is no escaping it, even if the correspondent goes where Forbes loved to go, well into the zone of fire; or, like the writer of this book, tastes the varying pleasures of being bombarded in one town by Taube, in a second by Zeppelin, and in a third by the German siege gun that drops its 38-centimetre shell a matter of 20 miles to lay flat on the ground the buildings among which it falls. With this agreed to—and we fancy most people do agree to it—"Vive la France!" can be warmly recommended. Of its kind it is an uncommonly entertaining book, and difficult, once we have read a few pages, to put down till we have read it through. Moreover, it has a large number of most remarkable pictures of the war, some of them stark and ruthless, and nearly all of them really illustrative. We remember Steevens telling of the eagerness with which he looked forward to a first sight of battle; but how, when he had seen men falling, he hated war. The pictures and many of the pages of this book stir in one the hatred of war—its largely haphazard butchery, its gigantic folly. We get here almost wholly the baleful side of the thing—and it is baleful, with its "thick, crashing, insane" slaughter, far beyond that which any pacifist has painted it. It might be the nightmare of the masters of Hell—this up-to-date, thoroughly efficient, scientific art of blasting human flesh and bones into poor, indistinguishable bits.

Mr. Powell, a skilful writer and a plucky excursionist to boot, does not spare us. He dwells largely on this hellish side of war, and he is right to do so; for we ought to have this side as well as that other side which is all aglow with extremely glorious and incessant acts of ruth and selflessness, and a smiling scorn of pain and death; epics, lyrics of sublime heroism which, in anything like an equal degree, are and ever will be unknown to men in peace and safety. Certainly let those read this very realistic book who hate war and wish to do everything and argue everything to deter war. But it also should be read by everyone in this country who thinks for a moment that we can somehow succeed in this war, can somehow falter into a lasting peace, without a tremendously drastic policy at home and an intense concentration of our fighting force against the enemy. Mr. Powell does not argue for conscript men or conscript shells; but, none the less, his book does argue that until, in effect, these things completely are, we shall plough the sands so far as a real settlement is concerned. The book confirms one in the view that to talk and write in this country of the pleasures and prides of Voluntarism, as some people are still doing, is a terrible jest at the expense of the British Army and of our Allies. An enemy that can take such a pounding as the French artillery gave the Bosches in the frightful battle of Champagne last autumn would never go really under to any country that wallowed in the pig-wash of so-called Voluntarism.

GERMANY AS CUTPURSE.

"The Ruling Caste and Frenzied Trade in Germany." By Maurice Millioud. With an Introduction by Sir Frederick Pollock. Constable. 4s. 6d. net.

M. MAURICE MILLIOUD is Professor of Sociology at Lausanne. In this valuable work he is the best writer known to us on three subjects—the impassioned unity of the German people, their foresight in complete organisation, and their ruthlessness in commercial affairs. He has learnt with sorrow that the development of trade and industry has failed to make real the illusions which have honoured it as a peacemaker, as the producer of an era when arbitration would take the place of war. "Happy it is for Herbert Spencer that he has not lived through the days which opened in August 1914, nor will see those still to come. In them he must have heard the death-knell of his most cherished beliefs. . . . Is there in man some ancestral instinct—some atavistic savagery which re-awakes at intervals—irresistible, the more brutal the longer it has been repressed?"

But M. Millioud cannot bring himself to admit that industrialism, with its combative unions, and its corners, trusts, dumpings, strikes, and cut-and-thrust competitions, is economic warfare in all countries, and that its great strife is more likely to increase than to diminish, because so many large populations have to encounter the perilous battle of imports *versus* exports and the equally dangerous combats between organised labour and defensive capital. The revolution from agriculture and small populations into industrialism and vast populations has been the most rapid and the most unpeaceful general change in the world's history. M. Millioud does not care to see the whole of this evident fact; he wants to save from ruin some illusions about the peacefulness that dreamful economists wish to find in the daily scramble for markets. He says: "If financial, industrial, and commercial competition is a species of warfare, it is, at any rate, war in a very modified form. It does not of necessity set the nations at each other's throats; on the contrary, in the opinions of many of the greatest thinkers, industrial and commercial expansion, among modern nations, ought to encourage peace between them, by increasing international dealings, by creating common interests, and by abolishing ignorance and prejudice. There is competition and competition."

Here is the old school-book economics modified by the admission that industrialism *can* be turned into warfare: and M. Millioud shows, with sufficient evidence, how Germany, since 1866, after transforming herself from a set of farming States into a most efficient industrialised Empire, has planned and carried out a commercial warfare against many countries in order to impose on them an economic slavery. For twenty years and more the purpose of her immense efforts has been evident to many observers. There is hardly need for Sir Frederick Pollock to say that "M. Millioud's points are no less original than important". They can be original only to those of our countrymen who have received with joy the buccaneer of German dumping and who have wished to give immortality to the corpse of Cobdenism; who have aided the German campaign by allowing its Jeremy Diddlers and Robert Macaires to sell German goods in our markets at less than true business prices and to be in many other ways most successful *chevaliers d'industrie*.

M. Millioud relates a story to show why the fight against dumping, rigorously carried on in England when Joseph Chamberlain opposed it, soon dwindled into indifference. A retired Rotterdam merchant was struck by the fact that he could buy German steel plates for a good deal less than other good steel. So he invested his fortune in them, and made the steel plate into ships, and these ships he sold at a big profit to the Germans themselves! He was delighted, and his purchasers were pleased, so expensive were steel plates to buy in Germany compared with their battle price abroad, notwithstanding freight charges and custom duties. Free imports into England were a wonderful

help to Germany in her planned conquests of foreign markets, and she knew that her dumping enabled book-economists to say: "See, we buy in the cheapest market, and we make a handsome profit, though the public gets our German goods below the price of home-made work of the same quality". They took care not to add: "To encourage predatory dumping by buying its goods is viler warfare than to practise dumping, because there is no risk when we purchase things at a price which does not always cover even their cost of production".

German ironmasters sold their girders and channel iron for 130 marks per ton in Germany, for 120 to 125 in Switzerland, for 103 to 110 marks in England, South America, and in the East; while in Italy they threw it away at 75 marks, making a loss of from 10 to 20 marks the ton, for the cost price per ton ranged from 85 to 95 marks (p. 105). By watching the market prices in England and elsewhere Germans could undersell them whenever she wished, for over-production with dumping was the big artillery of her commercial raiding. M. Millioud does justice to every one of her predatory methods, which were supported by import and export bonuses and by nine adventurous banks; and he sees also, as many have seen for a long time, that this tremendous policy of unscrupulous attack would give rise one day in many countries to the counter-attack of defence. Joseph Chamberlain's campaign was one warning to Germany: it told her that not even Cobdenism could protect her for ever from just reprisals.

In 1917, moreover, her commercial treaties would expire, and no country seemed at all eager to renew them on the old terms, which favoured German foresight and hard-hitting. Russia openly announced her intention of revoking the terms granted by Count Witte after the Manchurian War—terms of free trade to German corn; and this corn was harvested not by Germans but by 250,000 Polish labourers, who went across the border every year to cultivate German soil, returning to their Russian homes in the winter (p. 151). Free trade in corn on these terms was unprofitable to Russia, yet the greed of Germany made it much worse by adding to it her famed bonus on exports, which enabled her big farmers to undersell the Russian corn-growers in their own market. No wonder the Russian Government threatened to forbid the emigration of her Polish labourers into Germany, and decided to get rid of free German corn in 1917. Now German agriculture needs every one of the 250,000 Polish peasants, for her own farms have poured their rustics into the battles of industrialism; and many other anxieties not only preceded the present armed war, but hastened its coming. In 1940, for example, the mineral resources of Luxembourg may be worked out, and by 1950 Germany may have exhausted her iron ore, while the Briey district, opened up soon after 1880, will give prosperity to the French ironmasters, who will be free to protect themselves against German competition by putting an export duty on their iron ore.

Thoughtful Germans began to see that the want of morals in the universal grapple for markets, though common all over the industrialised world, had lost all attraction in its buccaneering German aspects, and that it would soon recoil with terrific force against the marvellous successes which it had won in twenty years. Tariffs everywhere would compel Germany to fight in a more decent and a limited manner, and this blow to her economic warfare would do enormous harm to her whole system of trade, a system based on a crescendo of over-production and on a rapid and complete triumph over foreign rivals.

The triumph had been rapid and very great, but far from complete, because it had been opposed for about ten years by the revival in many countries of nationalism; and, further, the result of the Balkan Wars, in several respects, was an economic check to Germany. Besides, a system of over-production in predatory trade, once stopped in its conquest by tariffs and by other defensive efforts, would mean ruin to those who had invested their all in its vast machinery;

and the whole of Germany is shareholder in the robber system of migratory trade and finance. In such a system victory depends on future profits to be earned in conquered markets which can be retained. If the markets cannot be retained the system topples into ruins; and remember that the German producers, with their Pan-German views and aims, in which every true German has passionately believed, have been financed by the manipulation of inflated paper capital and a most adventurous combine of nine huge banks.

There were political dangers also on the near horizon. Russia was recovering rapidly from her defeat by Japan. The new generation in France was very different from its predecessor, less emotional, more athletic, sterner in a cool patriotism, and tougher in health. The German wish to possess Belgium—a wish at least forty years old—came suddenly face to face with a newly-passed law of universal military service among the Walloons and the Flemings. Great Britain would pass one day into the genuine home rule of a protected fiscal alliance with her Empire; and as for the United States of America, their progressive achievements in trade thwarted Germany in many markets, as in South America. At last her statesmen may have said to themselves: "A terrible crisis draws nearer every day; our whole system of trade and finance is threatened; from the first our Army or its prestige has defended and enforced our economic aims and vast efforts; and now our Army alone can save and renew and consolidate the enterprise shown by our people since the times of Roon, Moltke, and Bismarck".

In other words, the present armed war may not be a mere war of German militarism, of war for war's sake, as many English persons believe. Had it not as one object to rescue German trade from a catastrophe which seemed inevitable to German statesmen? M. Millioud does not overrate the economic problems of the pre-war time; and as for those problems which were personal and political, they have been better known to the world than the economic. Our country would never have encouraged German dumping, not to mention other acts of German enmity, had she recognised the immorality of opening her markets free to a cutpurse rival whose commerce was treacherous and wicked—not merely imbued with the spirit of military ambition, but too cowardly to fight on equal terms in the market. We are grateful to M. Millioud for his masterly analysis of German methods and their results.

THE BOYHOOD OF SERGE AKSAKOFF.

"Years of Childhood." By Serge Aksakoff. Translated from the Russian by J. D. Duff. Arnold, 10s. 6d. net.

[Published this week.]

SERGE AKSAKOFF lived from 1791 to 1859. He was born in the district of Orenburg, at Ufa, where his father held an office in the law courts. His grandfather was an important landowner at Aksakovo, and Serge, after his father, inherited the estates. At the age of eight he went to school at Kazan, and eight years later, when many of his class-mates joined the army to fight against Napoleon, he left Kazan University. Between 1808 and 1839 he was a civil servant in several capacities, but his heart was always in the country, for he was "a passionate lover of country occupations and amusements". Aksakoff married in 1816, and his two sons, Constantine and Ivan, did much good work in the public life of Russia. He wrote a number of books, and among them were two volumes of Memoirs, "A Family History", and "Years of Childhood", both of which were written at the end of his life. These are his best works. "A Family History" begins with the biography of his grandfather, and goes on to his own life at school and at college. As for "Years of Childhood", published in 1858, it was Aksakoff's last book, written "when he was nearly blind, a prisoner in his room, and suffering constant pain for which death was the only cure; yet he never once alludes to the conditions

under which it was written. If his powers of observation and memory are extraordinary, his self-control is hardly less wonderful", says Mr. J. D. Duff, whose translation could not well be bettered.

In "Years of Childhood" Aksakoff summons into literary presence all the graphic memories of his early boyhood, down to the winter of 1799, when he went to school at Kazan. Many a critic has tried to define the sweet and serene vigour of this chatty, charming author, whose truth is a romance as magical as the finest fiction. What a delightful varied ease, what grace and distinction, what a profusion of memories without a trace of garrulity, what a cosy amplitude of style; and almost every sentence lives as a picture. Thus to turn one's boyhood into art is to gain from facts a most intimate tale of wonder, every childhood being its own fairy-tale. That Aksakoff has never been translated into any language is an oversight very difficult to pardon; but now, at last, he is happy in an excellent interpreter, and Mr. Duff hopes before long to do into English the companion volume.

A quotation will illustrate the profuse brevity—for such it really is—of Aksakoff's manner. On page 174 he relates how his grandmother seemed to grow smaller after his grandfather's death:

"My father sighed and said, 'Oh yes, mother is quite changed. I don't think she will live long'. I felt sorry for grandmother, and said, 'We ought to comfort grandmother and stop her from grieving'. My father was surprised by my sudden interposition; he smiled, and said, 'Yes, you and your sister should go and see her oftener and try to cheer her up'. Accordingly, we began to go to her room several times a day. Usually we found her sitting on her bed, with a spinning-wheel before her, and spinning goats' down, while a number of girls, belonging to the house or estate, were squatting round her and cleaning the hairs out of the tufts of down. Each girl, when she had cleaned her tuft, handed it to the old lady, who held it up to the light and, if she found no hairs in it, laid it in a basket near her; but, if the tuft was not properly cleaned, she handed it back and scolded the girl for her carelessness. Grandmother's eyes were dull and leaden; often she grew drowsy over her work; sometimes she pushed the wheel suddenly away and said, 'What is the use of spinning to me? Time for me to go to Stepan Mihailovitch!'—and then she would begin to weep."

LATE VICTORIAN.

"These Lynnekers." By J. D. Beresford. Cassell. 6s.

[Published this week.]

THE wise novelist avoids contemporary subjects for his stories. Not only is the immediate present under a ban, but, until we are at peace again and can think clearly, it is well not to write of the last dozen or fifteen years. Novels of the twentieth century have in these days to be ended with a note of interrogation, which is as good as to say that they cannot be ended at all, and such a state of affairs is unsatisfactory. Mr. Beresford has chosen exactly the right period for a story that is to be read to-day. His late Victorian scene can be surveyed without prejudice; yet it is not so distant as to disappoint those who want fiction to be full of actualities. The Lynnekers are a typical nineteenth-century family. The parson, who is a father of five, was born in the reign of George IV., but his children came to maturity at about the time of the second Home Rule Bill and the second Jubilee. They were decent sort of people with a definite place in the social scheme, and in a younger branch of the family there was a title, though they themselves desired to borrow no glory from that fact. They were not rich, but they had the gift of some good livings, and stood for the squarson type which, unlike the peerage, had stood firm through revolution and political reform. At last, however, a changeling appeared among them, for Richard, one thinks, could have been nothing else. The spirit of the age does play these tricks now and then, and into the best-guarded cradle pops a brat who will confound his

elders with questions and build shrines to strange gods.

Mr. Beresford begins his story with an illuminating incident. Richard and an elder brother were at work on algebra, and both found that the answer to a certain problem was sixteen. According to the key this was wrong. Nineteen was the result sanctified under the name of Todhunter and authorised by the majesty of print. Richard said it was a printer's error, that it would not "work", that it could not be proved, that it must be wrong because it had no square root. His brother Latimer, on the other hand, preferred to admit himself in error. If one could not rely on the key, what confidence could one have in anything? Besides, as he said, it seemed so "infernally cocky" to set one's private judgment against recognised authority, and for the sake of established things he began to twist young Dick's arms. The incident is the whole novel in little. Richard never cares the toss of a button for tradition, or, at least, never lets it interfere with his life. At most he gives it the tribute of an aesthete's admiration when it stands before him in the shape of a cathedral tower. As for the other Lynnekers, with the exception of a young sister who makes an "unsuitable" marriage, they follow the old hereditary way.

Obviously, the author has told a story that is very old indeed. Its Victorian setting is accurate enough, and the atmosphere of the period has been reproduced with a good deal of art; but the prototypes of Richard and his brethren had their being, as Mr. Beresford knows, when the stone-age men were ousted by the users of iron. Their strife being eternal, the record of it never loses interest. In writing of the struggle between traditionalist and reformer there is little chance of preserving the attitude of impartial observer, and the author does not conceal his delight in the progress of the changeling Lynneker. It is, after all, a novelist's business to side with youth and vigour, and when he begins to distrust these qualities there is not much for him to do but to put the pen from his tired fingers. This bias, however, need not prejudice readers who hold opposite opinions. In the first place, Mr. Beresford has guarded himself against their criticism by making his book historical. The issues with which he deals are settled. The name of Gladstone, which once drove Parson Lynneker to speechless fury, now, in its adjectival form of Gladstonian, connotes respectability, prudence, moderation, and demands little less reverence than that of Todhunter himself. And here, of course, were this family history to be continued indefinitely, would come the tardy triumph of the elder generation, and the hour—the almost inevitable hour—when Richard would be revealed as a pathetic and archaic individual hopelessly beaten in the race to keep up with the van. If Mr. Beresford does not write a second novel about the Lynnekers, his future work is almost bound to have some of the character of a sequel to this Victorian narrative, for he is full of curiosity about life and world-changes. It will be as interesting to watch the progress of his thought as to follow the fortunes of his heroes.

AN ESSAY IN COMEDY.

"Love at Second Sight." By Ada Leverson. Grant Richards. 6s.

"IT'S great fun", says the hero of this book, home wounded from the war, "to hear about this sort of thing again."

"This sort of thing" is futurist art and all the various æsthetic hobbies and social fads which used to amuse us before the war. Whether a hero just back from the trenches in Flanders would really be willing to reassume his interest in such matters is arguable. Possibly those who are out in the midst of the war itself are less impatient to shake all these parting guests by the hand than those people at home who have had more time though less occasion to meditate, in the light of more fundamental things, upon their precise and intrinsic value. But we rather doubt it.

"This sort of thing" has, we believe, been put out of action for many a long day to come. Mrs. Leverson is herself too keen an observer of the social current really to believe that the soldiers who come back from France and Flanders are coming back to talk about Marinetti. But it pleases her for the sake of her story to assume it. For Mrs. Leverson, with a quiet malice, likes to remind us that there actually are people on whom the Great War has had very little real effect. She thus emphasises the satire of her portraits. She writes of London Society, and she dates her story in the present. There are references to people who go to the war and return from the war, but these people remain quite remarkably unaffected by the war. The war simply serves her as a background against which all the little foibles, sentiments, and absurdities of her people may stand out the more pitilessly clear. Mrs. Leverson has the eye and the pen of an ironist. Her Foreign Office man who thinks he is going to die would not be half so comical a figure if he were not so conspicuously posed beside the battlefields of Europe. Her social sketches of life in West Kensington and Mayfair would not be half so cruel were we not instinctively required to think of them in connection with the great political events of the time. Her whole story, with its slyly subacid conclusion, is all the more telling owing to the fact that subacidity is a method which hardly lies to the hand of the majority of our novelists to-day. The author seems determined to remind us that little things continue to exist in the shadow of big things.

The triumph of this book is in the character of a certain Madame Frabelle—an inconclusive and silly widow who seems hardly to have brains enough to play the adventuress, but yet somehow instinctively contrives to fill the part. We cannot believe that she intended to elope with the husband of her hospitable friend and benefactor. She had neither the energy of will nor the clearness of mind sufficient for such an enterprise undertaken in cold blood. She is incapable of ever getting anything right. We cannot conceive of her as being faithful to a set purpose, because she does not seem to have sense enough to form one. We simply watch the gradual pressure of her sentimentality and her self-interest urging her gently and inevitably in the desired direction. This sort of woman really does exist, and Mrs. Leverson has presented her with great skill. She is, indeed, a crowning instance of the whole spirit and purpose of this clever essay in comedy. We feel sure that Mrs. Leverson would agree that the sins of society are quite as often to be attributed to a lack of intelligence as to a lack of virtue. It is the silly people who go wrong.

As to the romance which enters into Mrs. Leverson's story—a romance which concerns the wounded hero and a prospective divorcée—one only needs to say that it is very tactfully handled. They were nice people and thoroughly deserved the nice little comic surprise which their author holds in reserve for them at the end.

LATEST BOOKS.

"*Francesca da Rimini*." By Silvio Pellico. Translated by A. O'D. Bartholeyns. Allen & Unwin. 2s. net.

Silvio Pellico is more celebrated for his prose than for his poetry; and of the original version of this famous tragedy we need not now speak. Mr. A. O'D. Bartholeyns has rendered the story into refined and dignified blank verse. The tragedy is of the conventional type. A young woman falls in love with the younger brother of her old husband before the marriage, not knowing the relationship. The lovers meet after the event and renew their passion. The husband finds them together in his own palace in a compromising attitude and kills them both. They who are moved by such a tale must have "the easy tear." That, however, is not the translator's fault, who has done his work so well that we are tempted to hope he may give the English public a version of Goldoni's comedies, which might, we think, be popular.

"*Fighting France*." By Edith Wharton. Macmillan. 5s.

Mrs. Wharton has always well understood France and is, therefore, able to track the present steadfastness, frugality and courage of France to its source. She does not rhapsodise: she

diagnoses and finds the present mood of France as the natural product of a high and fine intelligence. "French courage is courage rationalised, courage thought out, and found necessary to some special end; it is, as much as any other quality of French temperament, the result of French intelligence." Ardour, imagination and perseverance are being put into the war as into a necessary enterprise—necessary to reasonable life. The French have flung away every prejudice and convention to save France; and have found it easy to do so because Frenchmen have never valued mere life, the power to exist in comfort, but only the life of a reasoning people. There is no inertia in the French temperament. It adapted itself swiftly to the war, changing from a period of idle politics into a period of strenuous contest with little friction. The Frenchman lives in the present, which explains equally his neglect to be entirely ready in August, 1914, and his intense will to be level with the crisis when it came. Mrs. Wharton gives us many fine glimpses of fighting France in her book, from the Vosges to Paris. She has written, indeed, just the thoughtful, enthusiastic and vivid book we expect of her on such a theme.

"*My Life out of Prison*." By Donald Lowrie. John Lane. 6s.

The troubles of a "ticket of leave" prisoner in England are great: those of one "paroled" from San Quentin Gaol, in San Francisco, are even greater. In the case of Mr. Lowrie they were intensified by the fact that he had smuggled out of prison with him an account of his life there. This account was published, and subsequently the author and another prisoner were occupied in a lecture tour in which they gave practical examples to the audience of what it felt like to be laced into the "jacket" or "tricing up" on the "derrick". Both these are forms of punishment which might suggest the prison methods of Nuremberg in cruder ages rather than those of San Francisco to-day. On one occasion, as no spectator would offer himself, Mr. Lowrie submitted to the derrick. His companion cuffed his hands, jerked him up so that his toes barely touched the floor, and then, carried away by the exuberance of his own verbosity, forgot all about his tortured companion. After nine minutes' agony Mr. Lowrie was let down and staggered off the stage. It is not surprising that this experience made the sufferer more determined "to plead and fight for the abolition of the atrocity." It is surprising that such things should be possible in a nominally civilised country. The book is readable throughout.

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INSURANCE.

PROSPEROUS COLONIAL LIFE OFFICES.

A TRULY instructive report has been issued by the management of the National Mutual Life Association of Australasia, an office which was formerly noted for somewhat extravagant expenditure, and was at one time scarcely expected to pay bonuses worth consideration. This opinion was shaken three years ago, when the directors at an extraordinary general meeting announced allotments in respect of the three years ended 30 September 1913, at rates which were regarded as satisfactory, in view of the moderate premiums paid by the assured. At that date £8,000,464 had been accumulated as an assurance fund, and of this £650,024 was declared to be surplus on a valuation made by the Actuaries' H^m Table for assurances, and the British Offices Life Annuity Table, 1893, for annuities, in both cases with 3½ per cent. interest. The weak spot of this valuation was an addition made to the value of the net premiums to cover the special expenses connected with the initiation of policies; but the amount involved was probably not very considerable, and it was evident that the Association could have paid fair bonuses without the aid of this allowance.

When war broke out in 1914 it was generally expected that this Melbourne life office would, with others of its kind, experience a sharp set-back, but the accounts for the last two years indicate that the prosperity of the business continued unchecked. The volume of new business, which attained its maximum in the last year of the recent triennium, slightly contracted, and the mortality experience, owing to war claims, proved less favourable; but in all other respects the Association evidently remained prosperous, as the net rate of interest earned steadily rose, and expenditure was greatly reduced.

Until the results of the next investigation are known much uncertainty will exist as to the probable amount which will be available for distribution after 30 September 1916. Much will depend on the values then possessed by Stock Exchange and other securities, and mortality and death claims are, of course, doubtful factors. It is manifest, all the same, that the National Mutual of Australasia is to-day in a sounder actuarial condition than it was two years ago, and when normal times again obtain it should be possible either to increase bonuses or strengthen the valuation bases.

What has occurred since the date of the last valuation is well worth noting. In the two years 1913-14 and 1914-15 the premium income increased from £955,578 to £1,093,557, the funds from £8,000,461 to £9,397,731, the net revenue from investments from £366,665 to £443,417, and the assurances in force from £27,922,070 to £30,532,694, or by more than £2,600,000. These increases are not only most important, but they were obtained, it must be remembered, in adverse circumstances. Since war broke out less new business has been transacted by the Association, claims have increased, and in some directions the burden of management expenses must have weighed more heavily. Certain charges are practically rigid, and cannot be reduced when patronage is scarce and claims are coming in more freely.

Some difficulties arising from the war have undoubtedly had to be overcome by the management of this Melbourne institution. Probably they were trivial compared with the problems which our home office boards have been forced to solve, but such as they were they must have counted for something. This makes the achievement of this office during the last two years all the more remarkable. Taking the funds in the first place, they are found to be increased by £589,451 in 1911-12, by £709,169 in 1912-13, by £705,030 in 1913, and by £692,239 last year, although the death claims, which totalled £227,535 in 1911-12 and £207,274 in the valuation year, rose to £270,476 and £352,786 in the two following years.

Despite much lost new business and larger sums paid to beneficiaries, funds have therefore been accumulated almost as rapidly as before. Nor is this all, for

the statements show that the net rate of interest earned has risen from £4 15s. 11d. to £4 17s. 11d., or by two shillings per cent., and also that the burden on the premium income has been greatly lightened—from 9·65 per cent. to 8·88 per cent. in the case of renewal premiums, and from 75 per cent. to 66 per cent. in the case of the new premiums. As a matter of fact, the Association had an expense ratio of about 15½ per cent. last year, and this is quite moderate in view of the high percentage of the new to total premiums.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Aksakoff, S., *Years of Childhood*. Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.
 Bigelow, P., *Prussian Memories*. Putnam. 5s. net.
 Coulton, G. G., *Main Illusions of Pacifism*. Bowes: Cambridge. 5s. net.
 Howard, E., *Potsdam Princes*. Methuen. 6s. net.
 Kirke, D., *Domestic Life in Rumania*. Lane. 5s. net.
 Knott, C. G., *Napier Memorial Volume*. Longmans. 21s. net.
 Lancaster, G. H., *Prophecy, the War, and the Near East*. Marshall Bros. 6s.
 Orr, J., *Les Œuvres de Guio de Provins*. Longmans, for Manchester University Press. 10s. 6d. net.
 Parker, J., *Who's Who in the Theatre*. Pitman. 10s. 6d. net.
 Quiller-Couch, Sir A., *On the Art of Writing*. Cambridge Press. 7s. 6d. net.
 Ross, P., *Youth Unconquerable*. Heinemann. 6s. net.
 Theal, G. M., *History of South Africa*. Allen. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. net each.

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PRESIDING last Tuesday at the annual meeting of Bovril, Limited, the Earl of Erroll, K.T., said that notwithstanding the higher cost of materials, transport, and labour, the net profits, with the exception of the Boer War year 1900, constituted a record in the company's history. The increased trade was largely accounted for by the growing popularity of Bovril throughout the British Empire, and to some extent by the large supplies purchased privately and sent out to soldier friends and relations at the front. The net profit standing at £168,796 showed an increase of £31,211 over last year. Virol, Limited, had for the third year in succession paid a dividend of 12½ per cent., and increased the reserve fund to £27,500.

In the memorandum recently presented to the Government drawing attention to the results of past indifference on the part of our legislators and administrative officials to scientific research, it was stated that there was only one trained man of science who in recent years filled a place in a British Government—the late Lord Playfair. His lordship was the chairman of their company from the date of its formation until his death, and he took the keenest interest in its success. Since then many of the most eminent scientists in the country had assisted in the research work of the Bovril Company, and their special knowledge in food matters was always at the services of the directors. Established as it was under the auspices of perhaps the greatest of all British authorities on food chemistry, Bovril marked an important step in advance of the then existing concentrated beef preparations. At that time, Liebig's extracts of meat, originated by the well-known German chemist, Baron Justus von Liebig, was probably the best known, but Bovril soon secured for an entirely British enterprise the leading place—a position which it had ever since maintained.

Mr. George Lawson Johnston (vice-chairman), in seconding the resolution, said he would take advantage of a satisfactory year to mention a matter that now permanently affects their profits. He referred to the increased cost of raw material. He had recently looked over some notes that he had made at the factory during the first year they had manufactured in the Argentine—the year 1896. It might surprise them to hear that the cost of beef at the works at that time was under 1d. per pound. In those days the frozen beef industry was in its infancy in Australia and the Argentine; to-day there are over thirty freezing works in Australia, while the frigorificos of the River Plate have dealt with over 1,000,000 head of cattle in one year. All this competition for stock has helped to raise the price of meat to an entirely different level, and if they bore in mind that it took many pounds of beef to make one pound of Bovril, they would hope with the directors that the upward trend would not continue too rapidly.

Sir James Crichton-Browne said Bovril might be regarded as a national asset. He was satisfied that when the war was over the unique body-building power of Bovril would be no less helpful in restoring to health our broken men and building up their shattered nerves.

CAR & GENERAL.

THE Annual Meeting of the Car and General Insurance Corporation, Ltd., was held on Thursday, Mr. E. Manville, M.I.E.E., presiding.

The Chairman said: The directors, in submitting to the shareholders their report, together with the balance-sheet of the corporation, believe you will heartily agree that under the exceptional conditions surrounding us all during the past year the results shown are a matter of congratulation for everybody connected with the Car and General Insurance Corporation. I would call your attention to the fact that our net income is some £365,000, being £17,000 up as compared with last year, and that our investments, which amounted to £104,700 at the end of 1914, now reach a total of £235,455, including some £87,000 invested in the new Four and a Half per Cent. War Loan. In connection with the purchase of the new War Loan you will notice we have incurred a loss, wholly charged against revenue, of £4,556, through the conversion of Consols into War Loan, and that but for this loss both our investments and our credit balance would have been increased by the amount of such loss. The directors also think it is of sufficient interest to point out that on 1 January this year the provision for unexpired liability, outstanding claims and general reserve amounted to £235,705, as against claim payments of £208,000 made during 1915. These figures contrast with some £201,000 for similar reserves existing on 1 January 1915, against claim payments of £188,800 made during 1914. Before closing I must say a few words about the important subject of enlistments among the male members of our staff. You will, I know, be glad to hear, and the directors are proud to be able to tell you, that at the outbreak of war out of 169 married and single men who were eligible 93 are actually serving, and that to-day there are only some 18 men in the service of the corporation throughout the United Kingdom who have not attested, all of whom are married men between 35 and 41 years of age. I now beg to move the report of the directors produced, together with the statement of the corporation's accounts for the year ended 1 January 1916, duly audited, be received, approved and adopted, and that a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, free of income-tax, on the ordinary paid-up capital be paid.

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